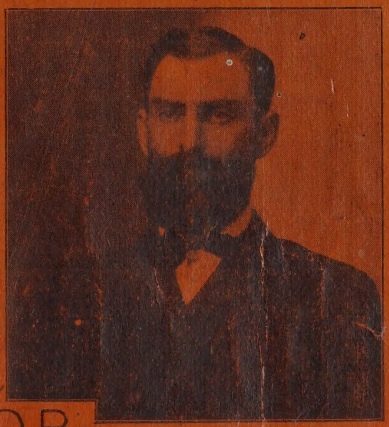
NOTES OF JOY

BY

J. L. MOORE



FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

GOSPEL MEETINGS

PUBLISHED BY J. L. MOORE

BETHLEHEM, GA.

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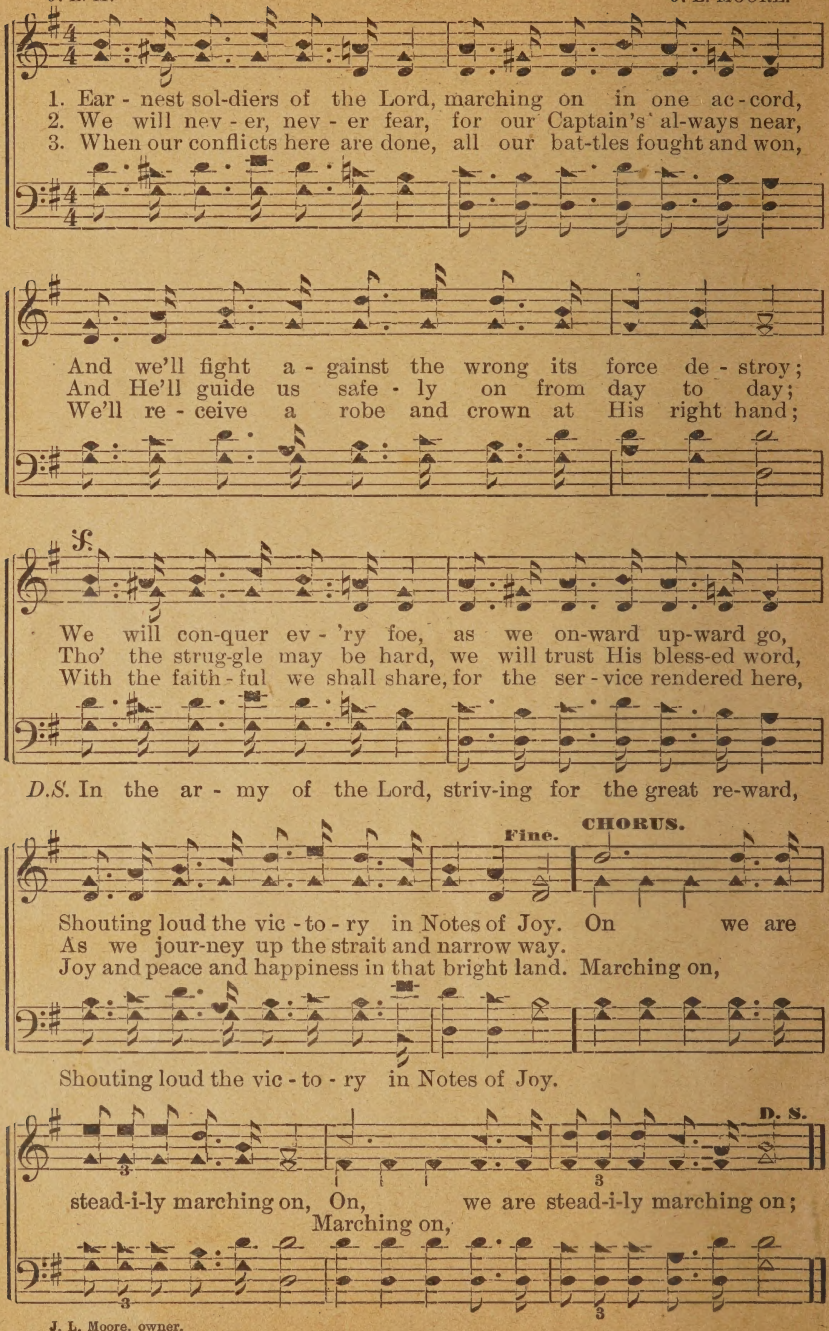
IN SHAPE NOTES ONLY.

No. 1. NOTES OF JOY.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.


1. Ear - nest sol-diers of the Lord, marching on in one ac-cord,
2. We will nev - er, nev - er fear, for our Captain's al-ways near,
3. When our conflicts here are done, all our bat-tles fought and won,
And we'll fight a - gainst the wrong its force de - stroy;
And He'll guide us safe - ly on from day to day;
We'll re - ceive a robe and crown at His right hand;
f.
We will con-quer ev - 'ry foe, as we on-ward up-ward go,
Tho' the strug-gle may be hard, we will trust His bless-ed word,
With the faith - ful we shall share, for the ser - vice rendered here,
D.S. In the ar - my of the Lord, striv-ing for the great re-ward,
Fine.
CHORUS.
Shouting loud the vic - to - ry in Notes of Joy. On we are
As we jour-ney up the strait and narrow way.
Joy and peace and happiness in that bright land. Marching on,
Shouting loud the vic - to - ry in Notes of Joy.
D. S.
stead-i-ly marching on, On, we are stead-i-ly marching on;
Marching on,

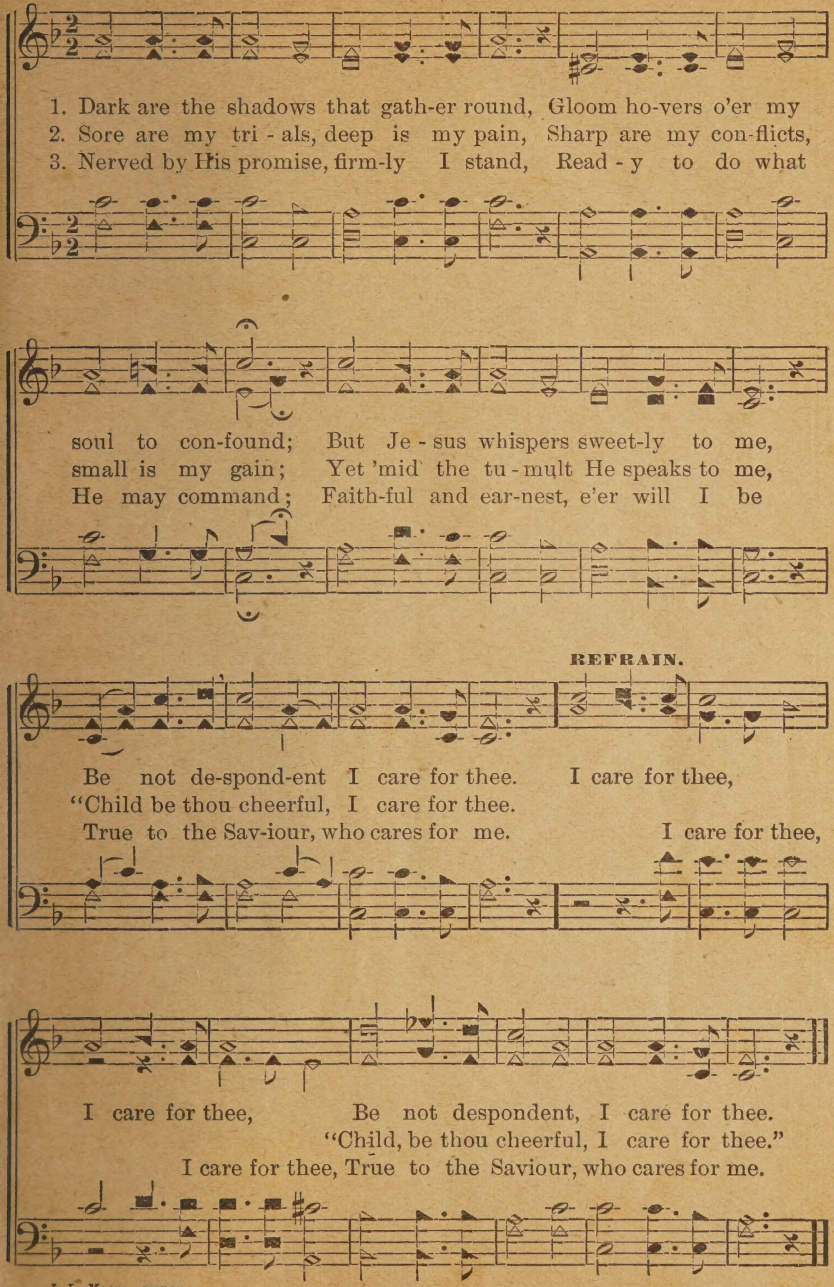
J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 2.

I CARE FOR THEE.

(To my friend and preceptor, T. W. Dennington.)

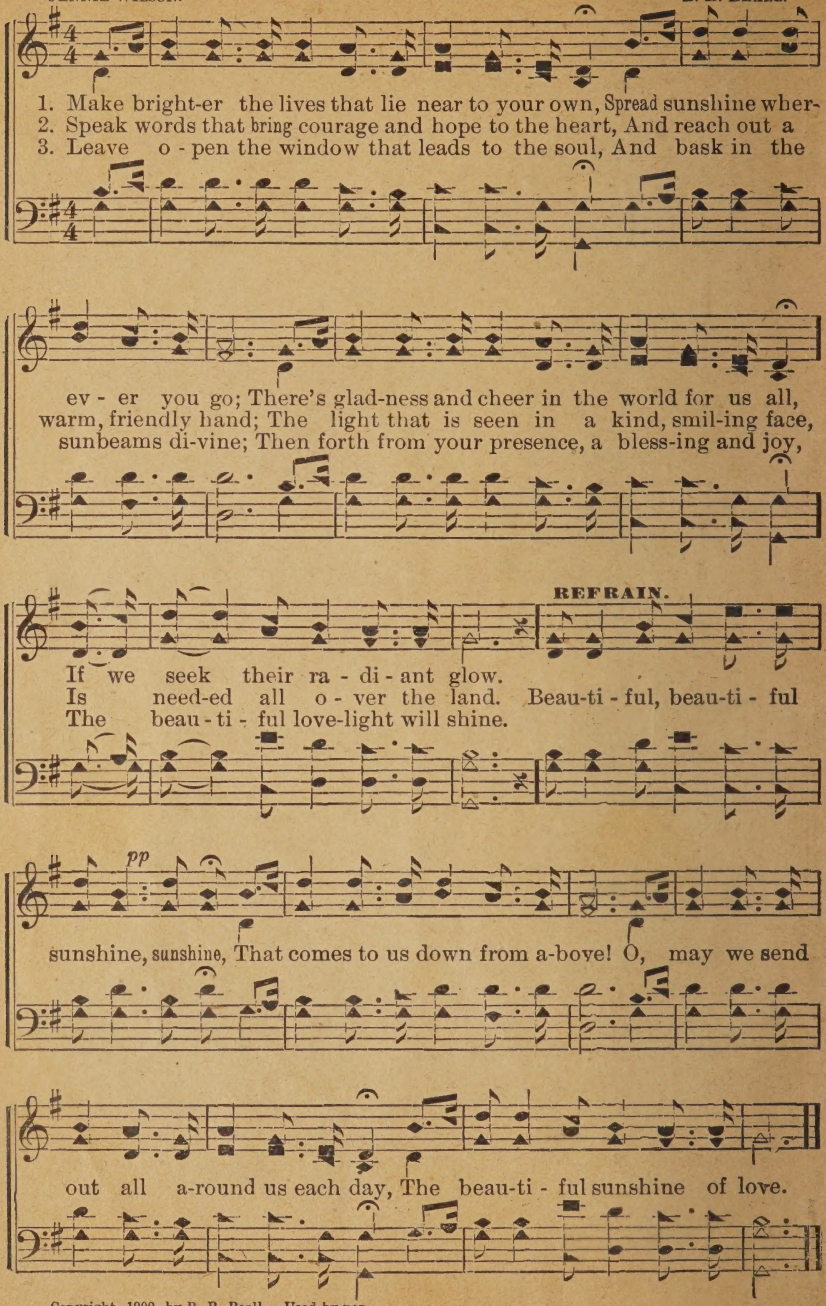
J. A. R. J. A. ROBERSON.


1. Dark are the shadows that gath-er round, Gloom ho-vers o'er my
2. Sore are my tri - als, deep is my pain, Sharp are my con-flicts,
3. Nerved by His promise, firm-ly I stand, Read - y to do what
soul to con-found; But Je - sus whispers sweet-ly to me,
small is my gain; Yet 'mid the tu - mult He speaks to me,
He may command; Faith-ful and ear-nest, e'er will I be
REFRAIN.
Be not de-spond-ent I care for thee. I care for thee,
"Child be thou cheerful, I care for thee.
True to the Sav-iour, who cares for me. I care for thee,
I care for thee, Be not despondent, I care for thee.
"Child, be thou cheerful, I care for thee."
I care for thee, True to the Saviour, who cares for me.

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 3. The Beautiful Sunshine of Love.

JENNIE WILSON. B. B. BEALL.


1. Make bright-er the lives that lie near to your own, Spread sunshine wher-
2. Speak words that bring courage and hope to the heart, And reach out a
3. Leave o - pen the window that leads to the soul, And bask in the
ev - er you go; There's glad-ness and cheer in the world for us all,
warm, friendly hand; The light that is seen in a kind, smil-ing face,
sunbeams di-vine; Then forth from your presence, a bless-ing and joy,
REFRAIN.
If we seek their ra - di - ant glow.
Is need-ed all o - ver the land. Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
The beau - ti - ful love-light will shine.
pp
sunshine, sunshine, That comes to us down from a-bove! O, may we send
out all a-round us each day, The beau-ti - ful sunshine of love.

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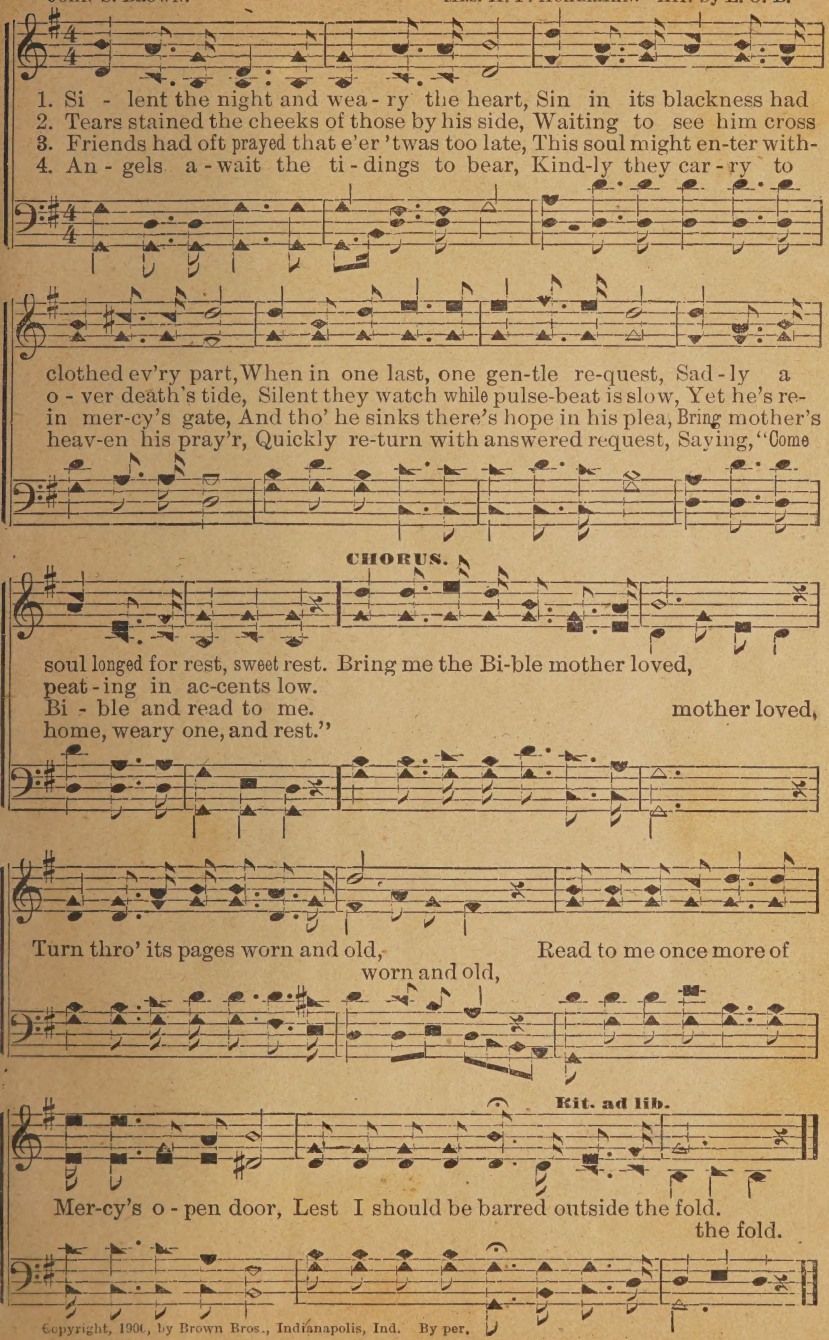
No. 4. THE BIBLE MOTHER LOVED.

JOHN S. BROWN. MRS. H. F. ACKERMAN. Arr. by L. O. B.


1. Si - lent the night and wea - ry the heart, Sin in its blackness had
2. Tears stained the cheeks of those by his side, Waiting to see him cross
3. Friends had oft prayed that e'er 'twas too late, This soul might en-ter with-
4. An - gels a - wait the ti - dings to bear, Kind-ly they car - ry to
clothed ev'ry part, When in one last, one gen-tle re-quest, Sad - ly a
o - ver death's tide, Silent they watch while pulse-beat is slow, Yet he's re-
in mer-cy's gate, And tho' he sinks there's hope in his plea, Bring mother's
heav-en his pray'r, Quickly re-turn with answered request, Saying, "Come
CHORUS.
soul longed for rest, sweet rest. Bring me the Bi-ble mother loved,
peat - ing in ac-cents low.
Bi - ble and read to me.
mother loved,
home, weary one, and rest."
Turn thro' its pages worn and old,
Read to me once more of
worn and old,
Kit. ad lib.
Mer-cy's o - pen door, Lest I should be barred outside the fold.
the fold.

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No. 5. KEEP IT IN YOUR HEART.

E. E. Hewitt. 4th verse by L. L. P. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. If a bless - ed truth you know, Keep it, keep it,
2. If a prom - ise you shall find,
3. If you hear the Lord's com-mand, Keep it, keep it,
4. If you feel the mes - sage burn, Tell it, tell it,
DUET.
It will help you as you go, Keep it in the heart. Love it, live it,
Let it lin - ger in the mind, Keep it in the heart. Tho' dark shadows
Cling-ing to His might-y hand, Serve Him from the heart. Let His word with-
We should o - ver lost ones yearn, Tell it from the heart. Sad and lone they
ev - 'ry day, It will brighten all your way, With a pure and heav'nly ray,
may ap-pear, It will strengthen you and cheer, It will bring the Saviour near,
in you ring, 'Tis the bid-ding of the King, Prompt obedience glad-ly bring,
wan-der far, From the Christ our morning star, Your neglect some soul might mar,
REFRAIN.
Keep it in your heart.
Keep it in your heart. Keep it, keep it, Keep it in thy
Serve Him from the heart. Keep it, keep it, keep it, keep it,
Tell it from the heart. Tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it from the
heart al - way, It will bright-en ev - 'ry day, Keep it in the heart.
Tell it from the heart.

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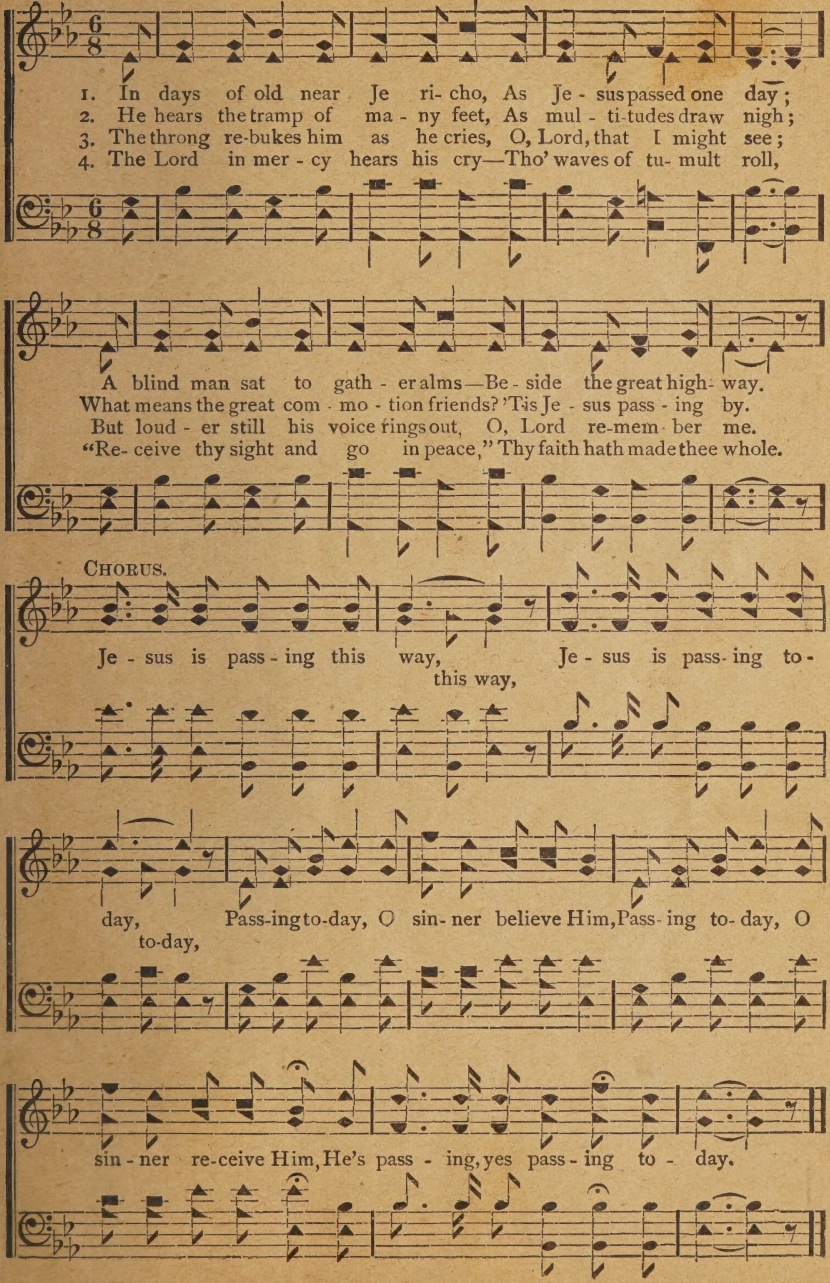
No. 6. JESUS IS PASSING TO-DAY.

F. M. DAVIS. J. L. MOORE.


1. In days of old near Je ri-cho, As Je - sus passed one day;
2. He hears the tramp of ma - ny feet, As mul - ti-tudes draw nigh;
3. The throng re-bukes him as he cries, O, Lord, that I might see;
4. The Lord in mer - cy hears his cry—Tho' waves of tu- mult roll,
A blind man sat to gath - er alms—Be - side the great high- way.
What means the great com - mo - tion friends? 'Tis Je - sus pass - ing by.
But loud - er still his voice rings out, O, Lord re-mem - ber me.
"Re- ceive thy sight and go in peace," Thy faith hath made thee whole.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is pass - ing this way, Je - sus is pass- ing to-
this way,
day, Pass-ing to-day, O sin- ner believe Him, Pass - ing to- day, O
to-day,
sin - ner re-ceive Him, He's pass - ing, yes pass - ing to - day.

WILSON
No. 11

No. 7. PEACE, BE STILL.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Loud- ly roar'd the winds, and fear- ful was the gale, Dash-ing up the waves a -
2. Then how quickly ceas'd that fear- ful, raging storm, How sub-dued and still those
3. When the storms of life so wild- ly round us beat, And a yawn-ing gulf seems
- cross the ship so frail; See that trembling crew, and hear their piteous wail, Beg-ging
fretful waves become; O'er the an-gry sea there reigns a death-like calm, And no
opening at our feet, Oh how precious then those words of Christ so sweet, As to
ad lib.
Tempo.
Christ their lives to save: "Master, save, or we die!" Hear the gentle re-ply, "Peace, be
more the sail- ors cry: "Master, save, or we die!" While the gentle re-ply, "Peace, be
Him we pleading cry: "Master, save, or we die!" Yes, the gen-tle re-ply, "Peace, be
cres.
still!" "Peace, be still!" Thus our Sav- iour calm'd the storm,
still!" "Peace, be still!" Fills them all with si - lent awe,
still!" "Peace, be still!" Soon will calm our trem-bling fears,
p
"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"
dim. e rit.
"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!" Thus our Saviour calm'd the storm.
"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!" Fills them all with si - lent awe.
"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!" Soon will calm our trembling fears.
p
"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"

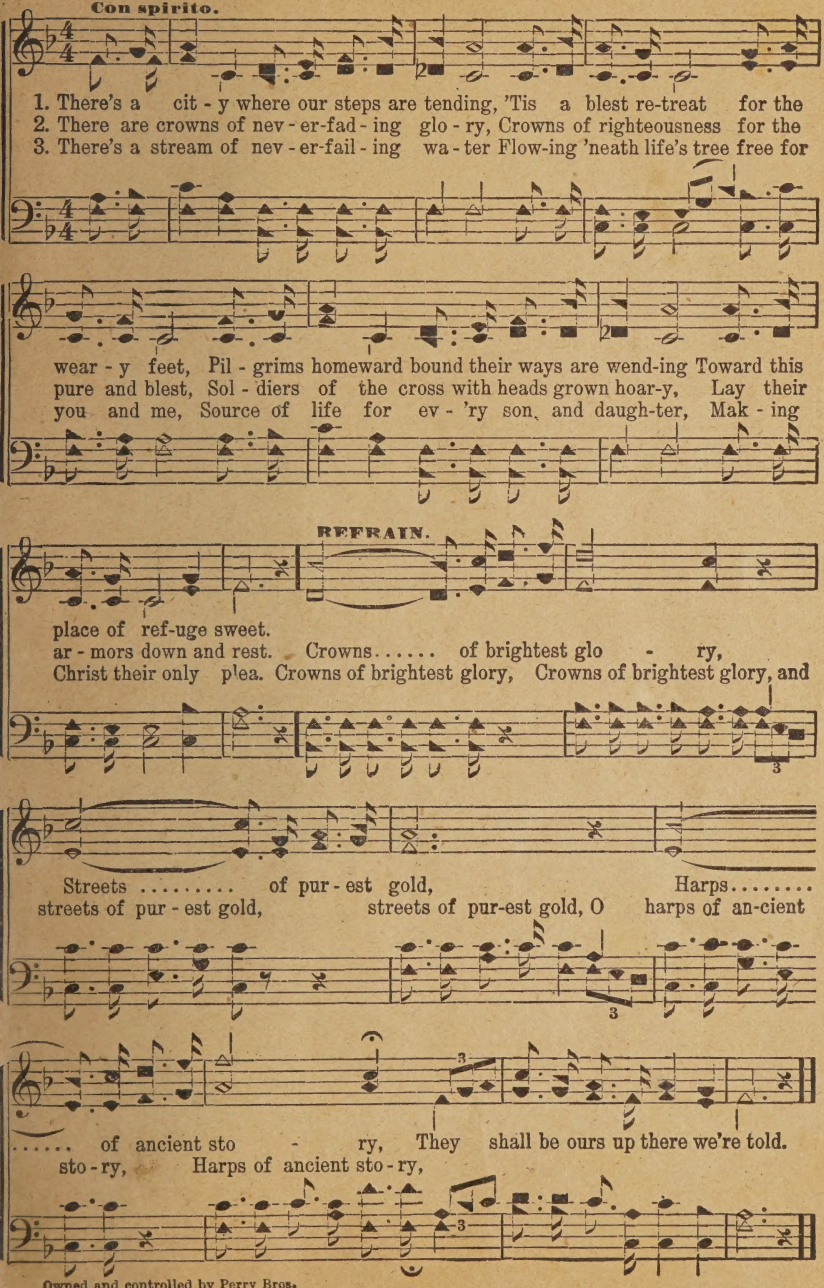
By per. W. A. Pond & Co.

No. 8. Crowns of Brightest Glory.

To my friend J. A. McPhail, Wills Point, Tex.—F. C. P.

S. J. PERRY. F. CLARK PERRY.

Con spirito.


1. There's a cit - y where our steps are tending, 'Tis a blest re-treat for the
2. There are crowns of nev - er-fad - ing glo - ry, Crowns of righteousness for the
3. There's a stream of nev - er-fail - ing wa - ter Flow-ing 'neath life's tree free for
wear - y feet, Pil - grims homeward bound their ways are wend-ing Toward this
pure and blest, Sol - diers of the cross with heads grown hoar-y, Lay their
you and me, Source of life for ev - 'ry son and daugh-ter, Mak - ing
REFRAIN.
place of ref-uge sweet.
ar - mors down and rest. Crowns..... of brightest glo - ry,
Christ their only plea. Crowns of brightest glory, Crowns of brightest glory, and
Streets ..... of pur - est gold, Harps.....
streets of pur - est gold, streets of pur-est gold, O harps of an-cient
..... of ancient sto - ry, They shall be ours up there we're told.
sto - ry, Harps of ancient sto - ry,

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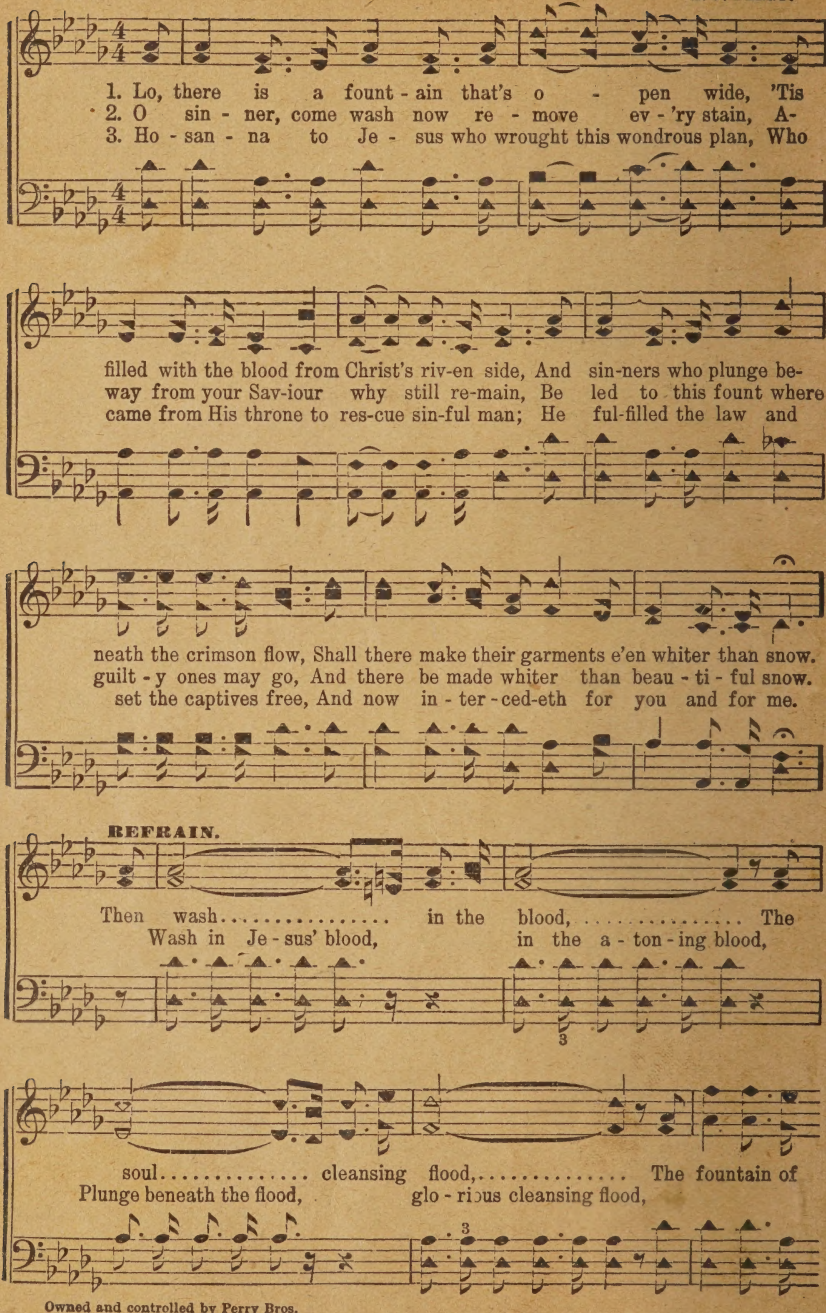
No. 9. The Fountain of Life.

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.


1. Lo, there is a fount - ain that's o - pen wide, 'Tis
2. O sin - ner, come wash now re - move ev - 'ry stain, A-
3. Ho - san - na to Je - sus who wrought this wondrous plan, Who
filled with the blood from Christ's riv-en side, And sin-ners who plunge be-
way from your Sav-iour why still re-main, Be led to this fount where
came from His throne to res-cue sin-ful man; He ful-filled the law and
neath the crimson flow, Shall there make their garments e'en whiter than snow.
guilt - y ones may go, And there be made whiter than beau - ti - ful snow.
set the captives free, And now in - ter - ced-eth for you and for me.
REFRAIN.
Then wash..... in the blood,..... The
Wash in Je - sus' blood, in the a - ton - ing blood,
3
soul..... cleansing flood,..... The fountain of
Plunge beneath the flood, glo - ri ous cleansing flood,
3

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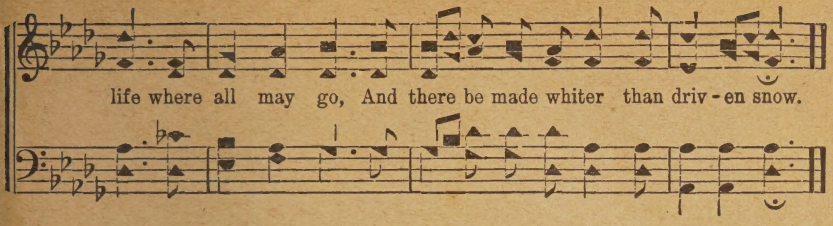
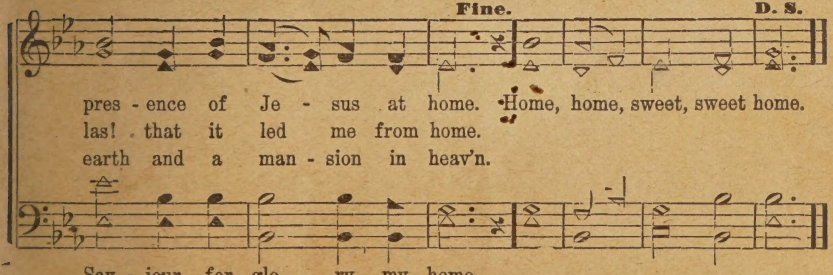


No. 10. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.

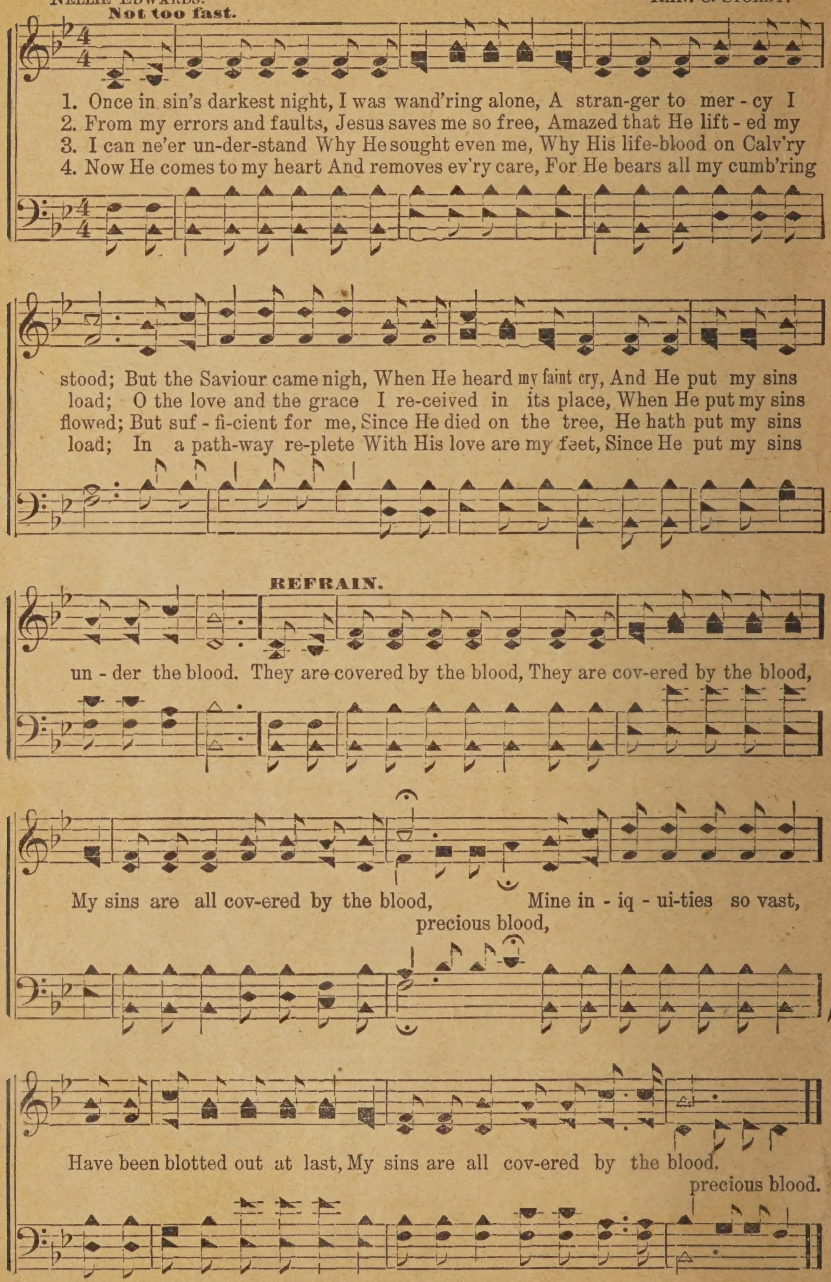
1 2
1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creat - ure com-plaints,
How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (Omit) with saints!
2. An a - lien from God, and a strang - er to grace,
I wan-dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (Omit) to trace;
3. The pleas-ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (Omit) de - cay;

f.
To find at the ban-quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
In the pathway of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind-ful, a-
But pleasures more last - ing in Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on
D. S.—Pre-pare me, dear


Fine. D. S.
pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
las! that it led me from home.
earth and a man - sion in heav'n.
Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

"Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are under the blood."

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.


Not too fast.
1. Once in sin's darkest night, I was wand'ring alone, A stran-ger to mer - cy I
2. From my errors and faults, Jesus saves me so free, Amazed that He lift - ed my
3. I can ne'er un-der-stand Why He sought even me, Why His life-blood on Calv'ry
4. Now He comes to my heart And removes ev'ry care, For He bears all my cumb'ring
stood; But the Saviour came nigh, When He heard my faint cry, And He put my sins
load; O the love and the grace I re-ceived in its place, When He put my sins
flowed; But suf - fi-cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath put my sins
load; In a path-way re-plete With His love are my feet, Since He put my sins
REFRAIN.
un - der the blood. They are covered by the blood, They are cov-ered by the blood,
My sins are all cov-ered by the blood, Mine in - iq - ui-ties so vast,
precious blood,
Have been blotted out at last, My sins are all cov-ered by the blood.
precious blood.

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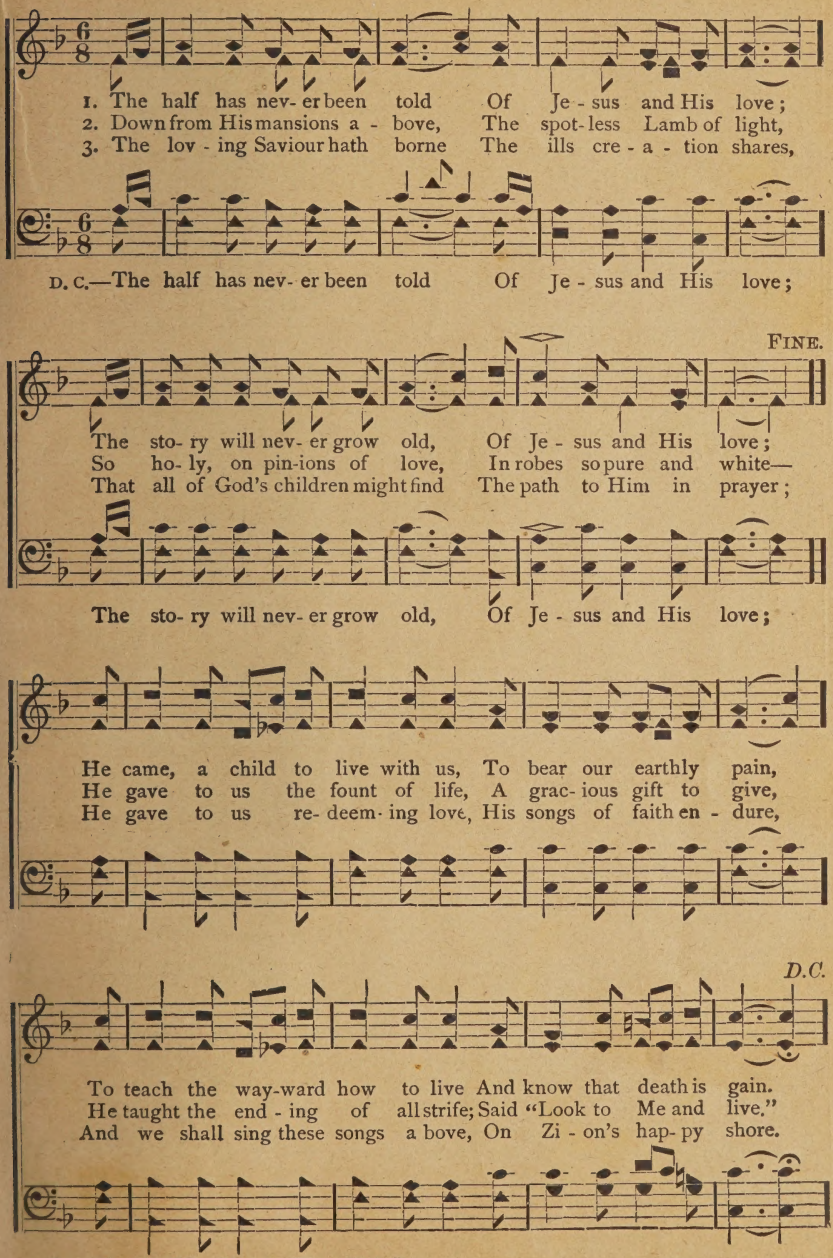
No. 12. THE STORY WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

NEVA P. PRENTICE. C. E. LESLIE.


1. The half has nev- er been told Of Je - sus and His love;
2. Down from His mansions a - bove, The spot-less Lamb of light,
3. The lov - ing Saviour hath borne The ills cre - a - tion shares,
D. C.—The half has nev- er been told Of Je - sus and His love;
FINE.
The sto- ry will nev- er grow old, Of Je - sus and His love;
So ho- ly, on pin-ions of love, In robes so pure and white—
That all of God's children might find The path to Him in prayer;
The sto- ry will nev- er grow old, Of Je - sus and His love;
He came, a child to live with us, To bear our earthly pain,
He gave to us the fount of life, A grac- ious gift to give,
He gave to us re- deem- ing love, His songs of faith en - dure,
D.C.
To teach the way-ward how to live And know that death is gain.
He taught the end - ing of all strife; Said "Look to Me and live."
And we shall sing these songs a bove, On Zi - on's hap- py shore.

From "Heavenly Tidings" by per., Chicago Music Co.

No. 13. Be a Hero for Christ To-day.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A-long down the ranks Soldiers of Christ are standing, All read-y to fight,
2. O list, to the tramp! Legions are marching forward; They follow the Christ,
3. The trumpet now sounds, Ready, ye sol-diers, read-y, The con-flict is on,
Ev-er for Him commanding, The Spirit of Grace Comes to each one demanding;
Who is now leading onward; Their watchword shall be Ever while marching homeward,
March with a step and steady, The hosts from on high Join in the strain up-lift-ed,
CHORUS.
"Be a he-ro for Christ to-day." Be a he-ro,..... be a
Be a he-ro to-day, be a
he-ro,..... Be a he-ro to-day, Be a he-ro al-way; Be a
he-ro al-way, Be a
he-ro,..... be a he-ro,..... Be a he-ro for Christ to-day.
he-ro to-day, be a he-ro al-way,

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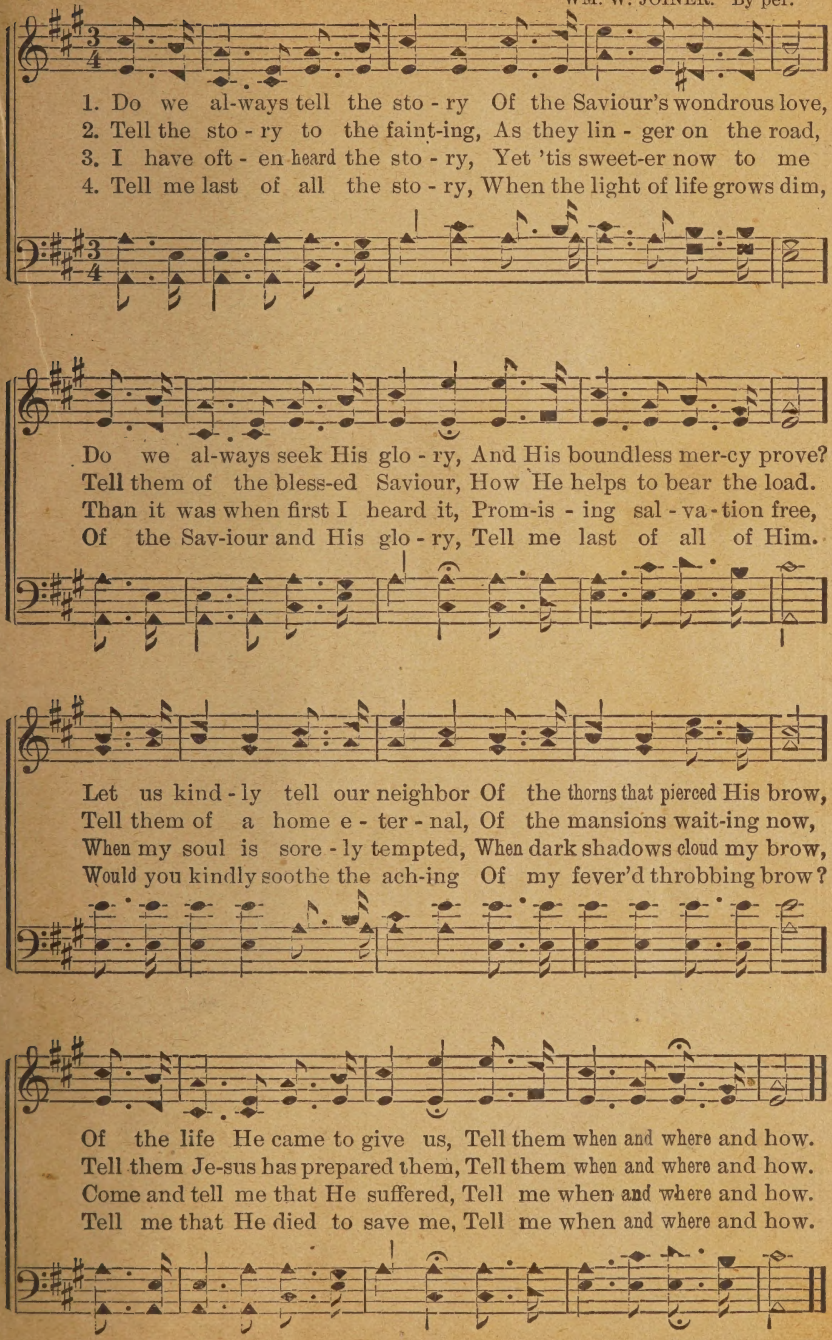
No. 14. WHEN, WHERE AND HOW.

WM. W. JOINER. By per.


1. Do we al-ways tell the sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
2. Tell the sto - ry to the faint-ing, As they lin - ger on the road,
3. I have oft - en heard the sto - ry, Yet 'tis sweet-er now to me
4. Tell me last of all the sto - ry, When the light of life grows dim,
Do we al-ways seek His glo - ry, And His boundless mer-cy prove?
Tell them of the bless-ed Saviour, How He helps to bear the load.
Than it was when first I heard it, Prom-is - ing sal - va - tion free,
Of the Sav-iour and His glo - ry, Tell me last of all of Him.
Let us kind - ly tell our neighbor Of the thorns that pierced His brow,
Tell them of a home e - ter - nal, Of the mansions wait-ing now,
When my soul is sore - ly tempted, When dark shadows cloud my brow,
Would you kindly soothe the ach-ing Of my fever'd throbbing brow?
Of the life He came to give us, Tell them when and where and how.
Tell them Je-sus has prepared them, Tell them when and where and how.
Come and tell me that He suffered, Tell me when and where and how.
Tell me that He died to save me, Tell me when and where and how.

NO. 15. Good-bye.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I will bid you all good-bye, For they say that I must die,
2. I will bid you all good-bye, For the end is draw ing nigh,
3. I will bid you all good-bye, I am not a - fraid to die;
That my stay on earth can not be ver - y long; With the
See my breath is short my bod - y's grow-ing cold; In that
Hark! I hear my Sav - iour call - ing me to come; See! the
D. S.—My Re-
cleansing blood ap-plied, Soon I'll cross the mys - tic tide, To the
cit - y, fair and bright, In a robe of spot-less white, Safe I'll
waves wash o - ver me, But a bea - con light I see, It is
deem-er I shall see, And with Him for - ev - er be, Will you
Fine.
CHORUS.
land of love and light and joy and song (joy and song). Good-bye good-
dwell for-ev - er in the Master's fold (Master's fold).
shin-ing in my ev - er - last-ing home (blessed home). Good-bye,
meet me in that land of cloudless day, cloudless day?
D. S.
bye, I am go - ing up to glo-ry there to stay;
good-bye, there to stay;

*J. T. Camp, the blind musician and the one whose sweet songs will be remembered by many, writes a sad letter which accompanies the above hymn. He states that this will be his last song. The song is sweet, the news is sad.—J. B. V.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

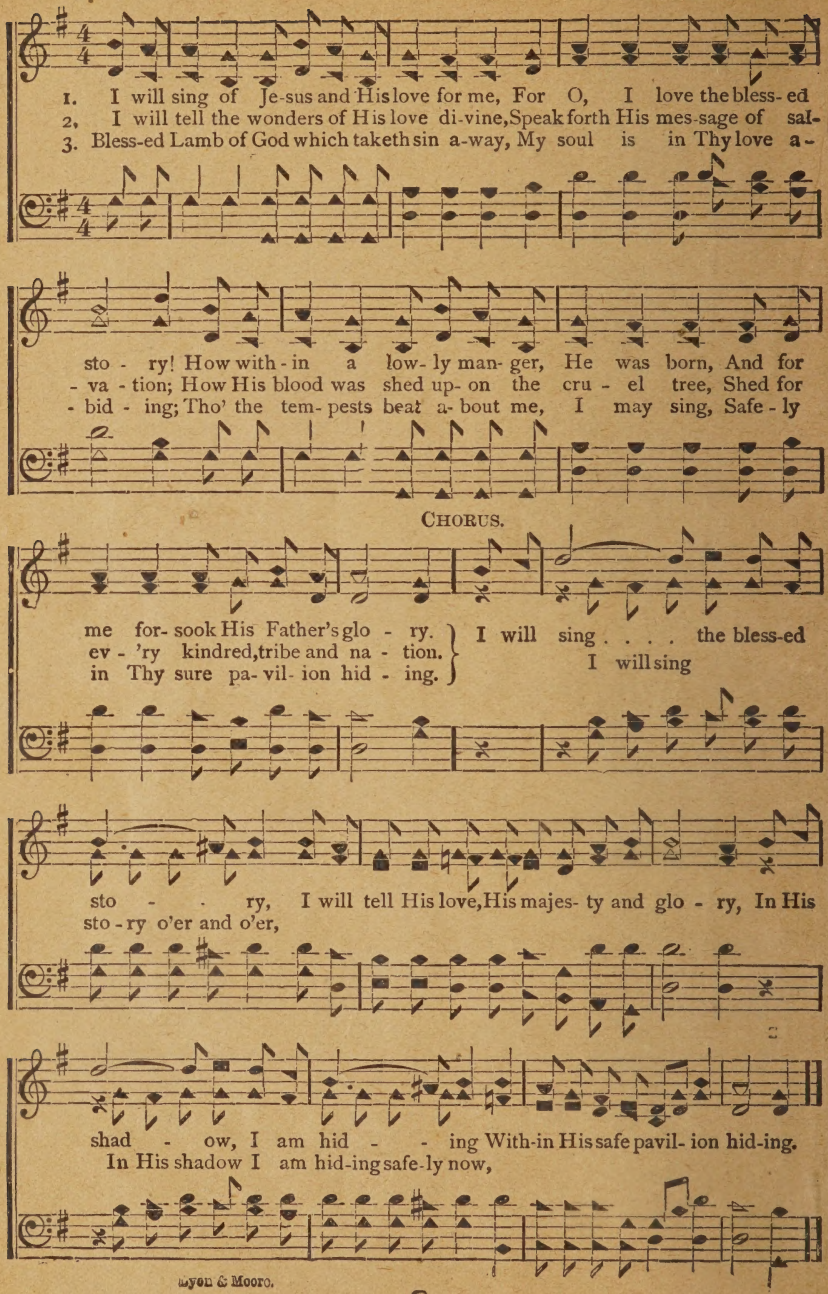
No. 16. PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.

H. S. Dixon. Arr. by F. M. G. F. M. Graham.

1. Sometimes the way may look gloom - y, And troub-les seem hard to bear;
2. This is a fight a-gainst Sa - tan, But we have a Cap - tain strong;
3. The blood of Je - sus can cleanse you, And give you His pow'r with - in;
4. Just think of Gid - e - on's arm - y, And those on the oth - er side;
5. Then come, my brother and sis - ter, Eph - e-sians the sixth will tell
But if we look un - to Je - sus, He'll all of our sor - rows share.
And we are sure of the vic - t'ry, If we have the ar - mor on.
And then you'll have on the ar - mor, And read - y to fight 'gainst sin.
And take fresh courage, my broth - er, Be sure you are sanc - ti - fied.
How we should fix for the bat - tle, A-gainst the dark foe of hell.
CHORUS.
Come let us gird on the ar - mor so bright, For this is the
way to en - ter the fight; And God has com-mand - ed to
put it all on, And stand in the bat - tle till vic - 'try is won.

No. 17. SAFE IN JESUS.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I will sing of Je-sus and His love for me, For O, I love the bless-ed
2. I will tell the wonders of His love di-vine, Speak forth His mes-sage of sal-
3. Bless-ed Lamb of God which taketh sin a-way, My soul is in Thy love a-
sto - ry! How with - in a low - ly man - ger, He was born, And for
- va - tion; How His blood was shed up - on the cru - el tree, Shed for
- bid - ing; Tho' the tem - pests beat a - bout me, I may sing, Safe - ly
CHORUS.
me for - sook His Father's glo - ry.
ev - 'ry kindred, tribe and na - tion.
in Thy sure pa - vil - ion hid - ing.
I will sing . . . . the bless-ed
I will sing
sto - - - ry, I will tell His love, His majes - ty and glo - ry, In His
sto - ry o'er and o'er,
shad - ow, I am hid - - ing With-in His safe pavil - ion hid-ing.
In His shadow I am hid-ing safe-ly now,

Lyon & Moore.

No. 18. THE HAPPY DAY IS COMING.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

Lively.

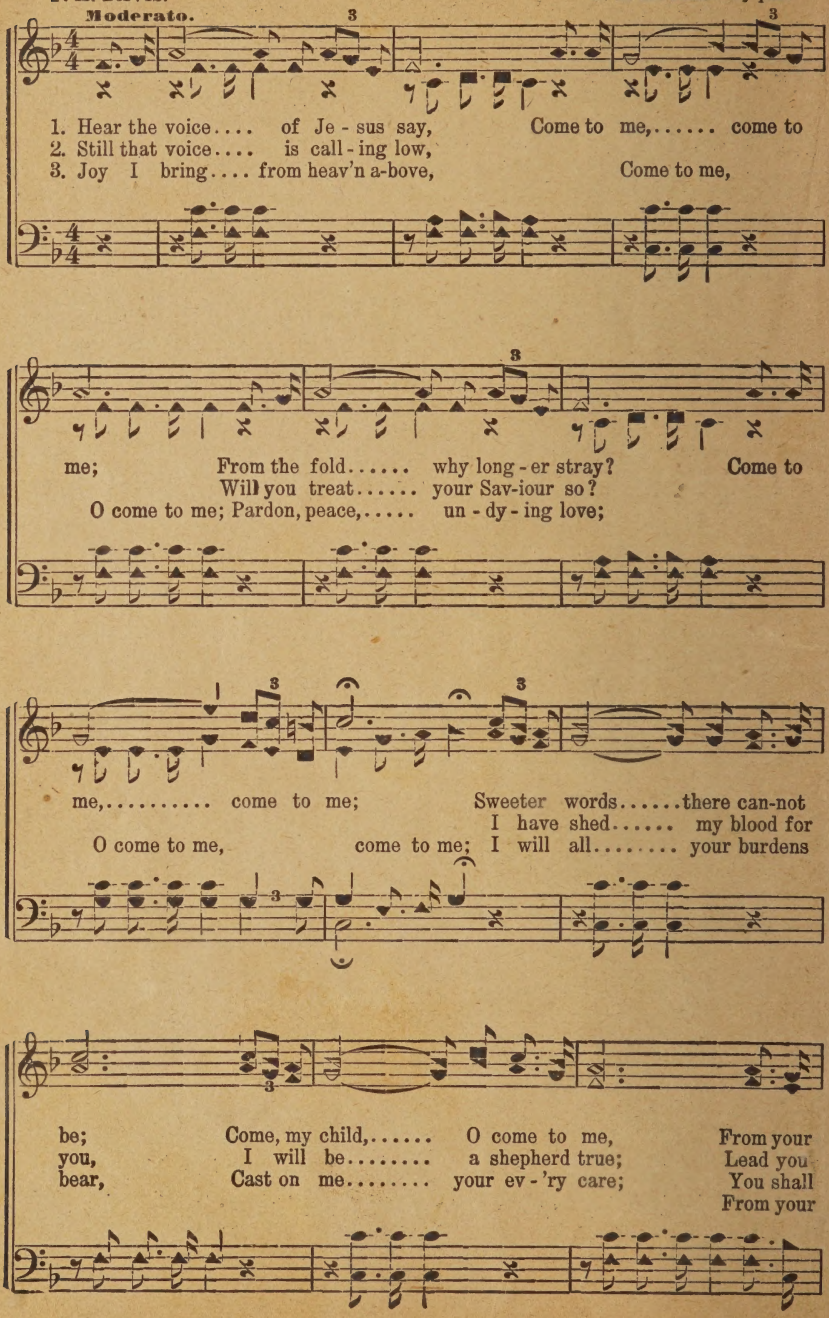
1. What a sweet new song, in the heav - 'nly throng, I shall
2. With the ran- somed choir and a gold - en lyre, I shall
2. With the loved ones stand and a harp in hand, I shall
sing, yes, I shall sing,
In that home a-bove when there's
What a per - fect peace, joy shall
I shall sing, I shall sing, Oh, the joys un - told, while the
per - fect love, I shall sing, yes I shall sing;
nev - er cease,
a - ges roll,
I shall sing,
CHORUS.
Oh, the hap- py day is com- ing! Yes 'tis com-ing, yes 'tis com-ing,
1
2
Oh, how sweet it then will be; I shall sing thro'-out e- ter - ni - ty.
J. L. Moore.

No. 19

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11. 28.

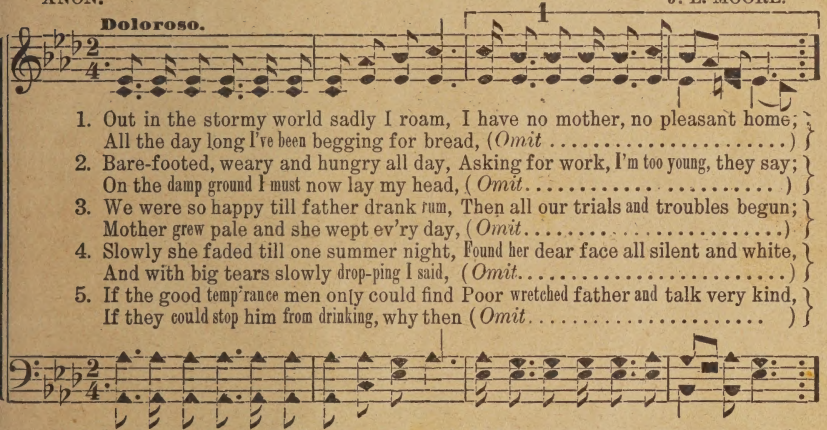
F. M. DAVIS. J. L. MOORE. By per.

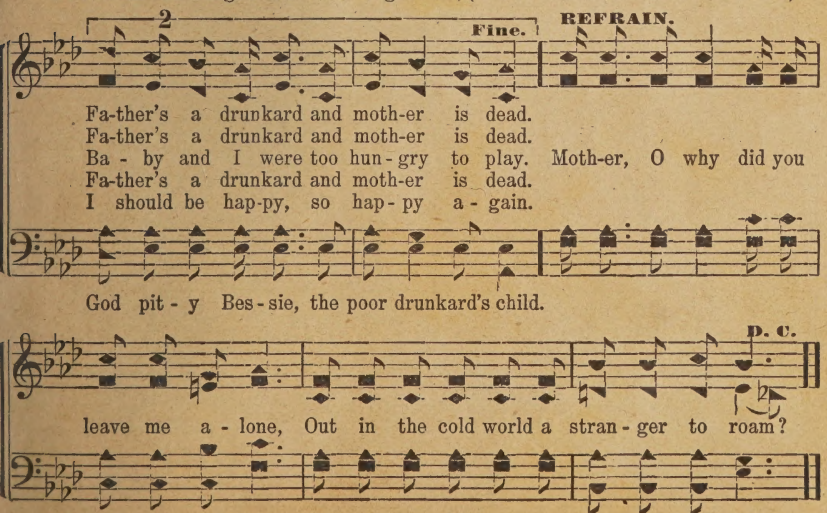

Moderato.
1. Hear the voice.... of Je - sus say, Come to me,..... come to
2. Still that voice.... is call - ing low,
3. Joy I bring.... from heav'n a-bove, Come to me,
me; From the fold..... why long - er stray? Come to
Will you treat..... your Sav-iour so?
O come to me; Pardon, peace,..... un - dy - ing love;
me,..... come to me; Sweeter words.....there can-not
I have shed..... my blood for
O come to me, come to me; I will all..... your burdens
be; Come, my child,..... O come to me, From your
you, I will be..... a shepherd true; Lead you
bear, Cast on me..... your ev - 'ry care; You shall
From your

Rit.
3
sin ..... I'll set you free; Come to me, ... come to me.
all ..... the journey thro'; (come to me.)
all ..... my glory share; O come to me,
sin I'll set you free. Set you free, set you free;

No. 20. THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

ANON. J. L. MOORE.

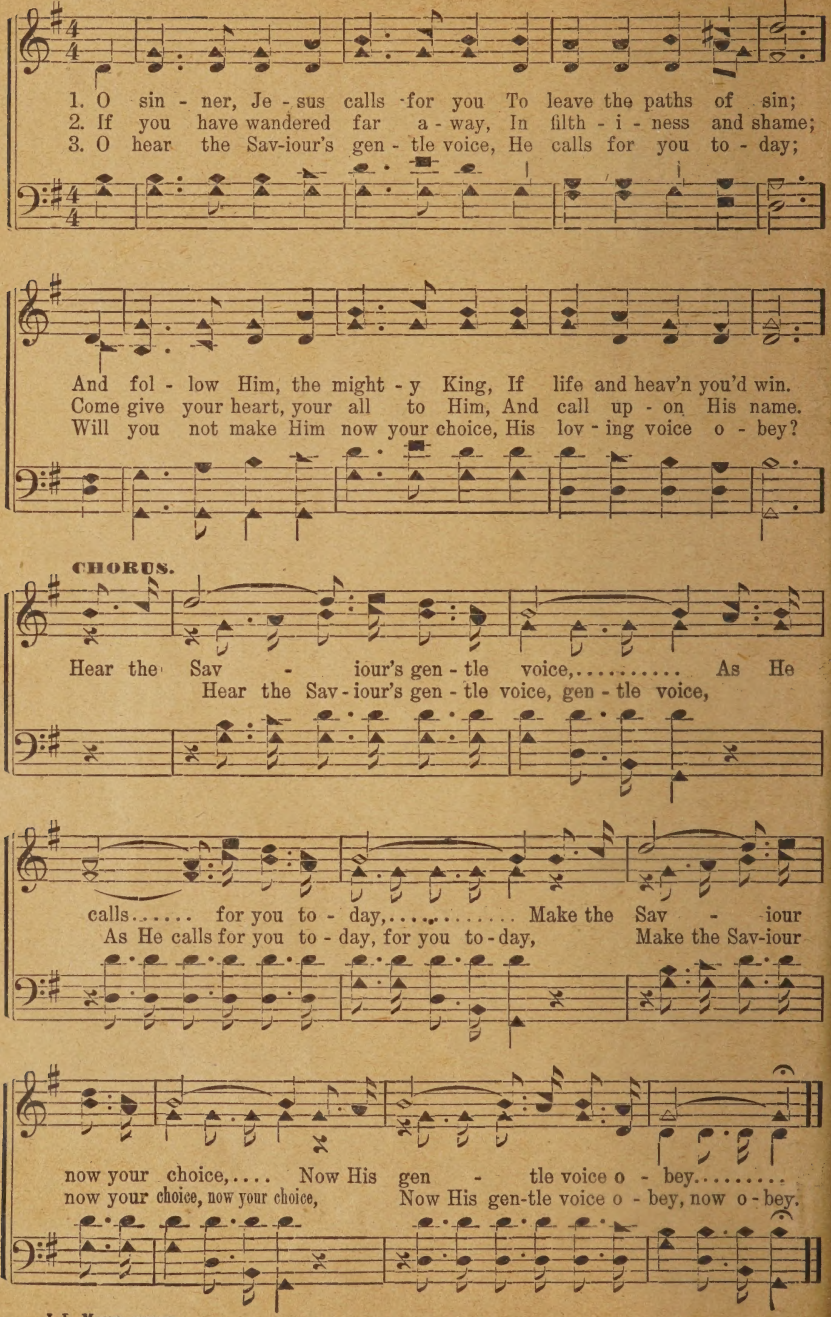

Doloroso.
1
1. Out in the stormy world sadly I roam, I have no mother, no pleasant home;
All the day long I've been begging for bread, (Omit .....)
2. Bare-footed, weary and hungry all day, Asking for work, I'm too young, they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head, (Omit .....)
3. We were so happy till father drank rum, Then all our trials and troubles begun;
Mother grew pale and she wept ev'ry day, (Omit .....)
4. Slowly she faded till one summer night, Found her dear face all silent and white,
And with big tears slowly drop-ping I said, (Omit .....)
5. If the good temp'rance men only could find Poor wretched father and talk very kind,
If they could stop him from drinking, why then (Omit .....)
D. C. Dark is the night and the storm rages wild, (Omit .....)


2
Fine.
REFRAIN.
Fa-ther's a drunkard and moth-er is dead.
Fa-ther's a drunkard and moth-er is dead.
Ba - by and I were too hun-gry to play. Moth-er, O why did you
Fa-ther's a drunkard and moth-er is dead.
I should be hap-py, so hap-py a - gain.
God pit - y Bes-sie, the poor drunkard's child.
D. C.
leave me a - lone, Out in the cold world a stran-ger to roam?

Owned by J. L. Moore.

No. 21. HEAR THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

J. O. L. J. OWEN LONG.


1. O sin - ner, Je - sus calls for you To leave the paths of sin;
2. If you have wandered far a - way, In filth - i - ness and shame;
3. O hear the Sav-iour's gen - tle voice, He calls for you to - day;
And fol - low Him, the might - y King, If life and heav'n you'd win.
Come give your heart, your all to Him, And call up - on His name.
Will you not make Him now your choice, His lov - ing voice o - bey?
CHORUS.
Hear the Sav - iour's gen - tle voice,..... As He
Hear the Sav - iour's gen - tle voice, gen - tle voice,
calls..... for you to - day,..... Make the Sav - iour
As He calls for you to - day, for you to - day, Make the Sav-iour
now your choice,.... Now His gen - tle voice o - bey.....
now your choice, now your choice, Now His gen-tle voice o - bey, now o - bey.

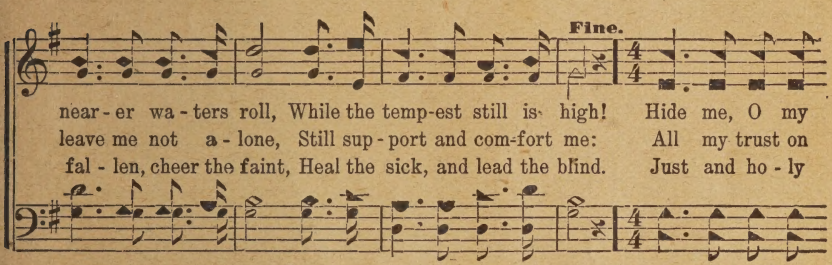
J. L. Moore, owner.

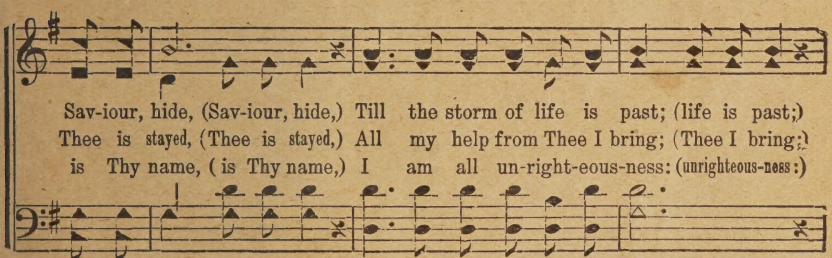
No. 22. Refuge.

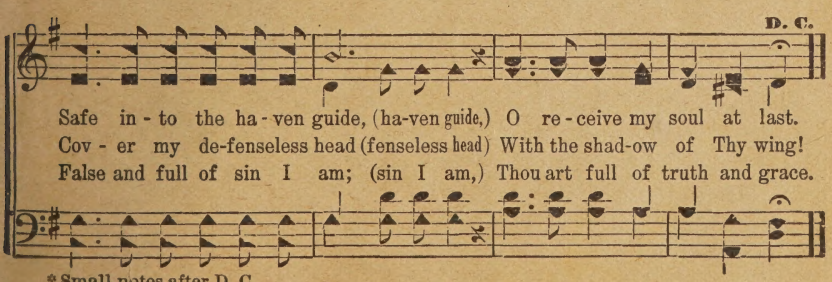
CHAS. WESLEY. ARR. by J. L. MOORE.

* DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee: Leave, O
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the
D. C. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the
D. C. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, O
D. C. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the


Fine.
near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp-est still is high! Hide me, O my
leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me: All my trust on
fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly
near - er wa-ters roll, While the temp-est still is high!
leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.


Sav-iour, hide, (Sav-iour, hide,) Till the storm of life is past; (life is past;)
Thee is stayed, (Thee is stayed,) All my help from Thee I bring; (Thee I bring;)
is Thy name, (is Thy name,) I am all un-right-eous-ness: (unrighteous-ness:)


D. C.
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, (ha-ven guide,) O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fenseless head (fenseless head) With the shad-ow of Thy wing!
False and full of sin I am; (sin I am,) Thou art full of truth and grace.

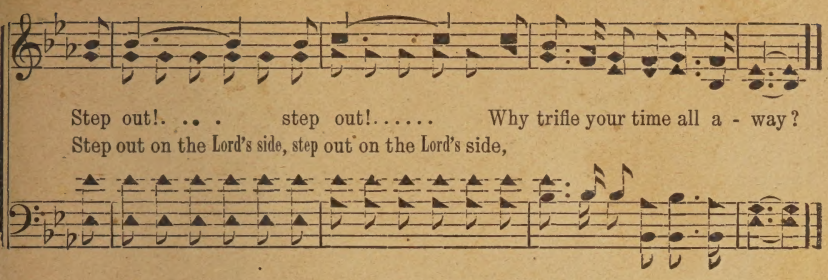
* Small notes after D. C.

Owned by J. L. Moore.

No. 23. STEP OUT ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

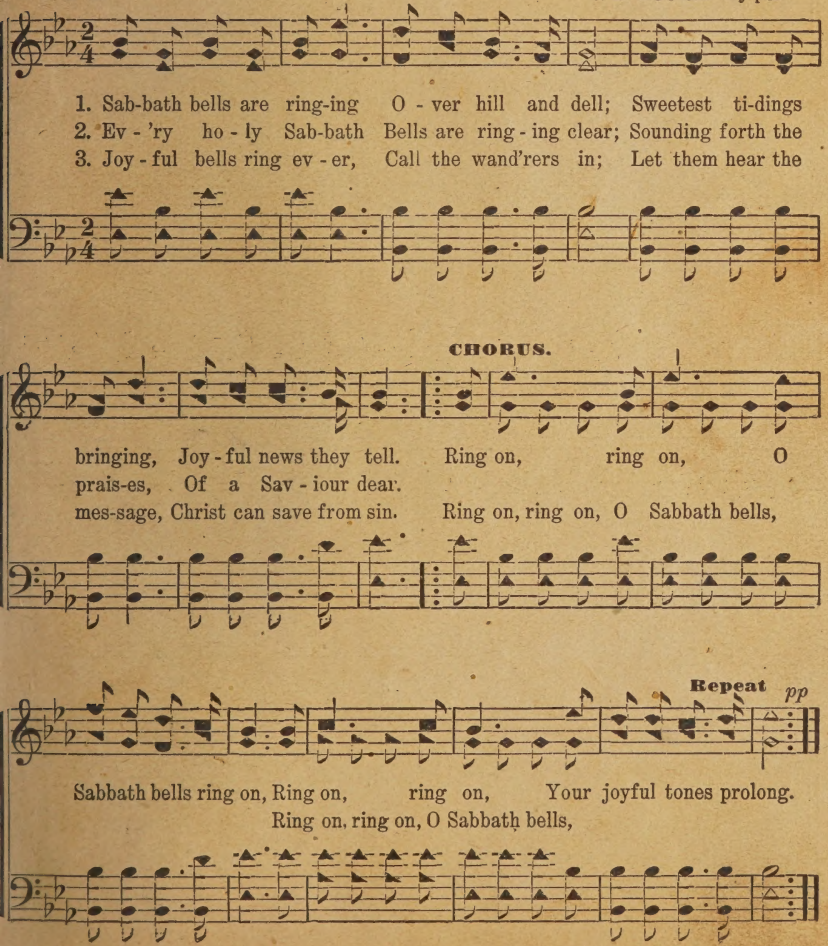
J. T. CAMP. J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. Step out on the Lord's side, don't linger, Why dal - ly the moments a - way?
2. Step out on the Lord's side, don't linger, Be wise and the bet-ter part choose;
3. Step out on the Lord's side, don't linger, Why long-er in sin will you stay?
'Tis fol - ly to wait for to - mor - row, Sur - ren-der to Je - sus to - day.
Ac - cept the sal - va-tion He of - fers, How can you His pardon re - fuse?
You can not tell when death will claim you, Step out on the Lord's side to - day.
Your soul may by sin be all spot - ted, Your pathway by Sa - tan be - set,
Step out from the world and its pleasures, And set your af-fec-tions a - bove,
There's danger in long-er de - lay - ing, And i-dling your moments a - way,
But go to the Lord, He will cleanse you, Your venture you'll never re - gret.
En - list in the ar - my of Je - sus, And give Him your service and love.
The Sav-iour is ten-der - ly call - ing, Will you not His message o - bey?
CHORUS.
Step out!..... step out!..... Step out on the Lord's side to - day;
Step out on the Lord's side, step out on the Lord's side,



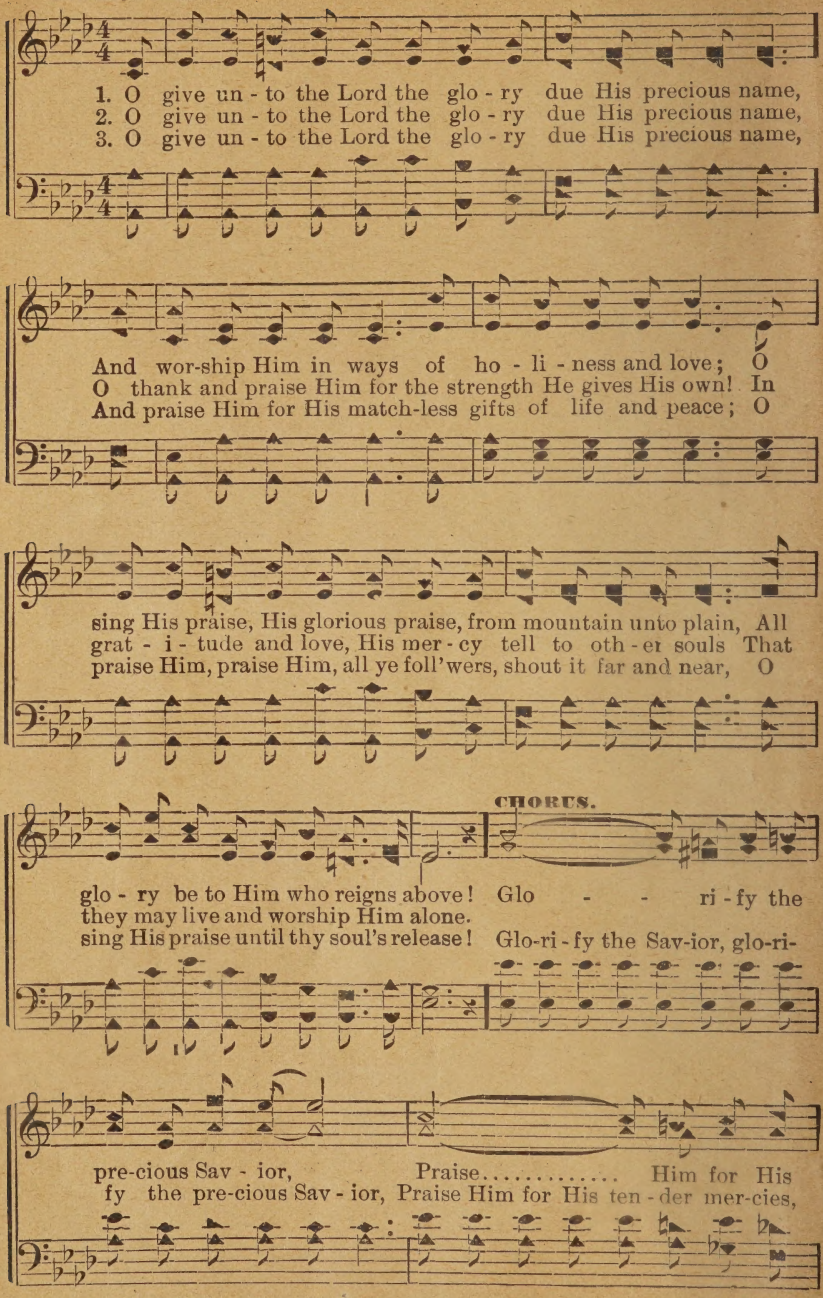
No. 24. SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.


1. Sab-bath bells are ring-ing O - ver hill and dell; Sweetest ti-dings
2. Ev - 'ry ho - ly Sab-bath Bells are ring - ing clear; Sounding forth the
3. Joy - ful bells ring ev - er, Call the wand'rers in; Let them hear the
CHORUS.
bringing, Joy - ful news they tell. Ring on, ring on, O
prais-es, Of a Sav - iour dear.
mes-sage, Christ can save from sin. Ring on, ring on, O Sabbath bells,
Repeat pp
Sabbath bells ring on, Ring on, ring on, Your joyful tones prolong.
Ring on, ring on, O Sabbath bells,

No. 25. Glorify the Lord.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. O give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His precious name,
2. O give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His precious name,
3. O give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His precious name,
And wor-ship Him in ways of ho - li - ness and love; O
O thank and praise Him for the strength He gives His own! In
And praise Him for His match-less gifts of life and peace; O
sing His praise, His glorious praise, from mountain unto plain, All
grat - i - tude and love, His mer - cy tell to oth - er souls That
praise Him, praise Him, all ye foll'wers, shout it far and near, O
CHORUS.
glo - ry be to Him who reigns above! Glo - - - ri - fy the
they may live and worship Him alone.
sing His praise until thy soul's release! Glo-ri - fy the Sav-ior, glo-ri-
pre-cious Sav - ior, Praise..... Him for His
fy the pre-cious Sav - ior, Praise Him for His ten - der mer-cies,

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Glorify the Lord. Concluded.

ten-der mer - cies; Glo - - ri - fy the precious
for His ten - der mer-cies; Glo-ri - fy the Sav-ior, glo - ri - fy the
Sav - ior, Praise Him, praise Him, now and evermore.....
precious Savior, and evermore.

No. 26. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny
2. What tho' the spic - y breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle! Tho' ev - 'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye wa-ters, roll; Till, like a sea of
fountains Roll down their gold-en sand, From many an an - cient riv - er, From
pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The
night-ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nat - ure The
ma-ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strewn; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb, for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 27. HALLELUJAH TO THE LAMB OF GOD!

J. L. M. J. L. Moore.

Earnestly.

1. We will raise our voices in grateful praise, Unto Him who guards and di-
2. In this world be-low, ev-'ry-where we go, On the mountain high, in the
3. We will tell to all of His wond'rous pow'r, How it saves and keeps ev'ry
rects our ways, We will hon - or Him who has pow'r to save, Hal- le -
val - ley low, We will tell His blood washes white as snow, Hal- le -
day and hour, 'Tis a ref - uge safe, 'tis a might- y tow'r, Hal- le -
Chorus.
lu - jah to the Lamb of God! Hal- le-lu-jah! Hal- le-lu-jah!
We'll sing,
We'll sing hal- le - lu - jah to the Lamb of God! Hal- le-lu-jah!
We'll sing,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb of God!

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 28. Can the Lord Depend On You?

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There is work on ev - 'ry hand, That the Mas-ter bids you do;
2. See, the har-vest fields are white And the la - bor - ers are few;
3. Will you loi - ter time a - way, When there's so much work to do?
4. If you tru - ly love the Lord, You will be a work-er true,
Will you heed His plain command? Can the Lord de-pend on you?
Swift - ly com - eth on the night, Can the Lord de-pend on you?
Ma - ny souls are lost each day; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
And o - bey His precious Word; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
CHORUS.
Can the Lord..... de-pend on you? Can the
Can the Lord depend on you, de-pend on you?
Lord..... depend on you? There is work for all to
Can the Lord depend on you, depend on you?
do, Can the Lord depend on you?
for all to do, depend on you?

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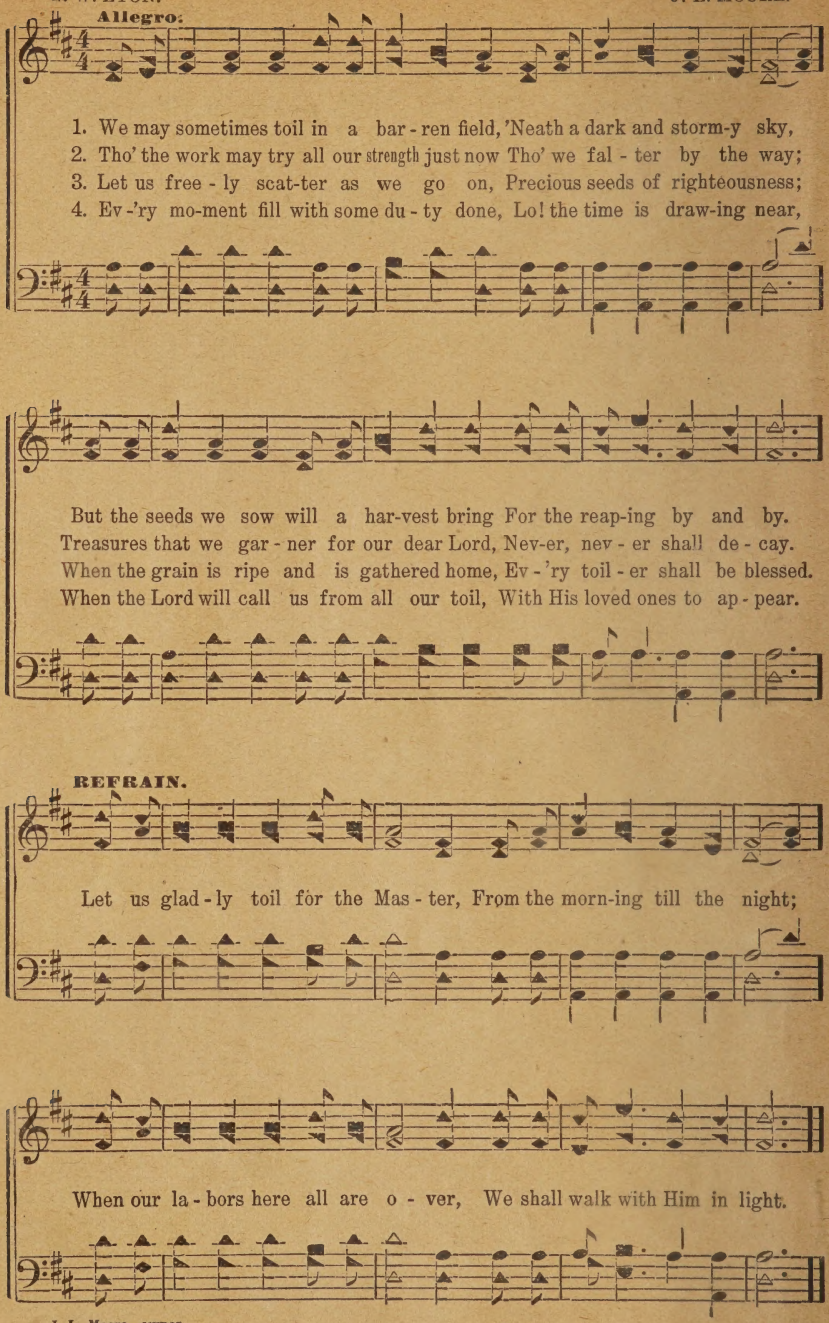
No. 29. TOIL FOR THE MASTER.

G. W. LYON. J. L. MOORE.


Allegro.
1. We may sometimes toil in a bar - ren field, 'Neath a dark and storm-y sky,
2. Tho' the work may try all our strength just now Tho' we fal - ter by the way;
3. Let us free - ly scat-ter as we go on, Precious seeds of righteousness;
4. Ev - 'ry mo-ment fill with some du - ty done, Lo! the time is draw-ing near,
But the seeds we sow will a har-vest bring For the reap-ing by and by.
Treasures that we gar - ner for our dear Lord, Nev-er, nev - er shall de - cay.
When the grain is ripe and is gathered home, Ev - 'ry toil - er shall be blessed.
When the Lord will call us from all our toil, With His loved ones to ap - pear.
REFRAIN.
Let us glad - ly toil for the Mas - ter, From the morn-ing till the night;
When our la - bors here all are o - ver, We shall walk with Him in light.

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 30. O Prodigal, Come Home.

"And the Spirit and the bride say come."—Rev. 22: 17.

S. L. H. S. L. Howard. By per.

1. O prod - i - gal, come home to - night, Your Fa - ther calls, come home;
2. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come, Why should you lon - ger roam?
3. The Lamb who died on Cal - va - ry, Calls, sin - ners, now come home;
4. Our lov'd ones stand on Ca-naan's shore, And call to you, come home;
5. O come to Christ just now, to - night, He'll cleanse you white as snow;
For He will cleanse and make you white, O prod - i - gal, come home.
O flee to Christ, for yet there's room, O prod - i - gal, come home.
He shed His pre - cious blood for thee, O prod - i - gal, come home.
They plead with you to roam no more, O prod - i - gal, come home.
Be - lieve He'll save you now, to - night, O prod - i - gal, come home.
REFRAIN.
Come home to - night, come home to - night, Your Fa - ther calls, come home;
Come home, come home, come home, come home, Your Fa-ther calls, come home, come home;
Come home to - night, come home to - night, O prod - i - gal, come home.
Come home, come home, come home, come home, O prod - i - gal, come home, come home.

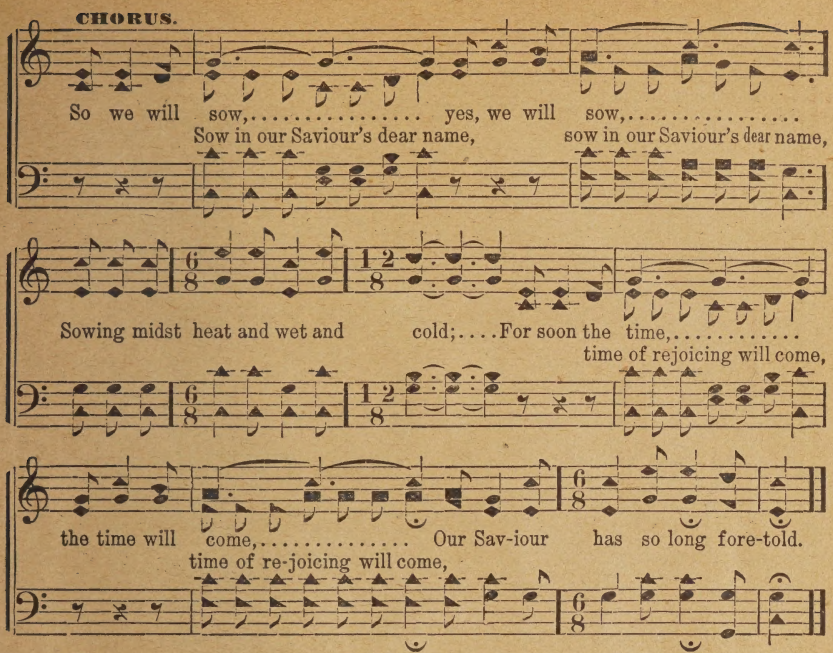
No. 31.

SONG FOR THE SOWERS.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126: 5, 6.

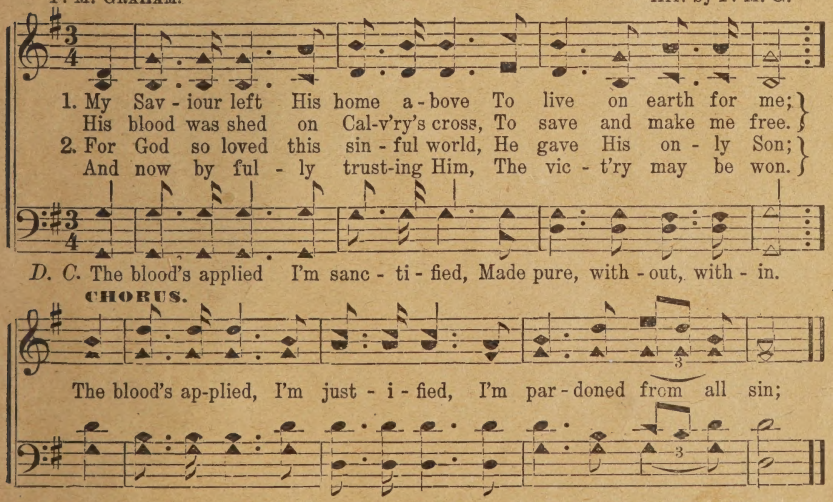
F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. Tho' we may sow.... with tearful eyes,.....The precious seed..... of
2. Now as we sow.... some seed may fall,.....On ground so ver - y
3. Ere long will come... the an-gel band,.....And gather in..... the
gos-pel truth..... Among the sin - ners of the land,..... From ripened
rich and good,....While others lodge.... among the thorns,.... As Je - sus
gold-en wheat,...While they will sep - a-rate the tares,.... And burn them
age..... to ten-der youth...No doubt some day....we'll come a - gain,.....
said..... it sure-ly would... But we will sow,.... and sow, and sow,.....
with..... the worthless cheat...Then if we're found.... among the true,.....
With joyful hearts....and songs in-stead,...And bringing ma - ny precious
Amidst the heat.....and wet and cold,....And some will bring..... as much as
Oh, joy-ful time,.....oh, happy day,..... For all the sow - ing we have
sheaves,..... For Him who has..... the sow-ers led (the sow-ers led.)
ten, ... And oth - ers bring ..... their hundred fold (their hundred fold.)
done,.....We'll wear a crown..... and get our pay (and get our pay.)


CHORUS.
So we will sow,..... yes, we will sow,.....
Sow in our Saviour's dear name, sow in our Saviour's dear name,
Sowing midst heat and wet and cold;....For soon the time,.....
time of rejoicing will come,
the time will come,..... Our Sav-iour has so long fore-told.
time of re-joicing will come,

No. 32. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

F. M. GRAHAM. Arr. by F. M. G.


1. My Sav - iour left His home a - bove To live on earth for me;
His blood was shed on Cal-v'ry's cross, To save and make me free.
2. For God so loved this sin - ful world, He gave His on - ly Son;
And now by ful - ly trust-ing Him, The vic - t'ry may be won.
D. C. The blood's applied I'm sanc - ti - fied, Made pure, with - out, with - in.
CHORUS.
The blood's ap-plied, I'm just - i - fied, I'm par - doned from all sin;

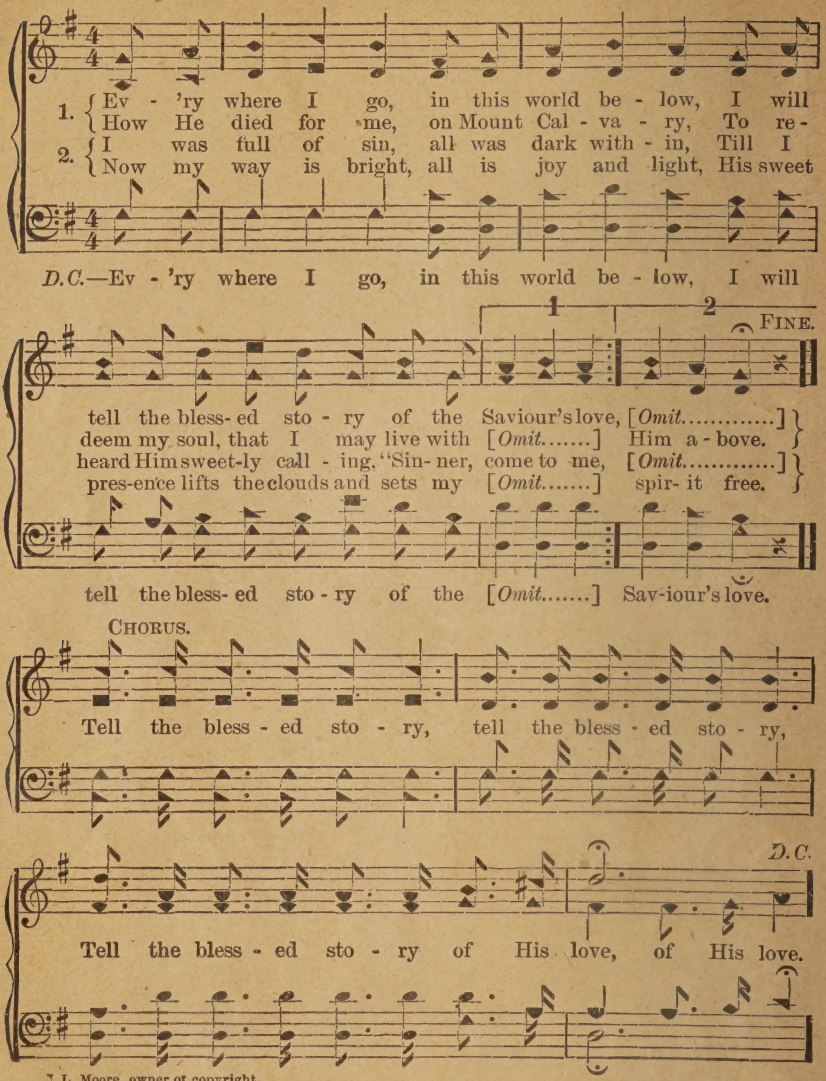
3 There was a time, a precious time,
My sins were washed away;
I praised the Lord and praise Him yet,
O happy, happy day.

4 And then again I sought by faith,
The cleansing of my heart;
My faith took hold, the work was done,
I'm cleansed thro' every part.

5 The precious blood! the cleansing blood!
Shall ever be my plea;
It cleansed my heart and made it pure,
It did so much for me.

No. 33. TELL THE BLESSED STORY.

G. W. LYON. PAUL WEINSTOCK.


1. Ev - 'ry where I go, in this world be - low, I will
How He died for me, on Mount Cal - va - ry, To re-
2. I was full of sin, all was dark with - in, Till I
Now my way is bright, all is joy and light, His sweet
D.C.—Ev - 'ry where I go, in this world be - low, I will
1
2
FINE.
tell the bless- ed sto - ry of the Saviour's love, [Omit.....]
deem my soul, that I may live with [Omit.....] Him a - bove.
heard Him sweet-ly call - ing, "Sin- ner, come to me, [Omit.....]
pres-ence lifts the clouds and sets my [Omit.....] spir- it free.
tell the bless- ed sto - ry of the [Omit.....] Sav-iour's love.
CHORUS.
Tell the bless - ed sto - ry, tell the bless - ed sto - ry,
D.C.
Tell the bless - ed sto - ry of His love, of His love.

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3 Now I fear no harm, for His mighty arm
Shields me from all danger when the arrows round me fly;
Present joys are mine, all in all I find
In my blessed Saviour, and I'll praise Him till I die.

4 Sinner, would you be from your burdens free?
Come to Jesus, and believe the promise He has given,
Trust Him as your friend, serve Him to the end,
He will guide you to a glorious home with Him in heav'n.

No. 34.

DELAY NOT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. De-lay not, de-lay not, O sin-ner, draw near, The wa-ters of
2. De-lay not, de-lay not, why long-er a - buse The love and com-
3. De-lay not, de-lay not, O sin-ner, to come, For mer-cy still
4. De-lay not, de-lay not, the Spir-it of grace Long grieved and re-
life are now flow-ing for thee; No price is de-mand-ed, the
pas-sion of Je-sus, thy God? A fount-ain is o-pen, how
lin-gers and calls thee to-day: Her voice is not heard in the
sist-ed, may take His sad flight, And leave thee in dark-ness to
Sav-ior is there, Re-demp-tion is purchased, sal-va-tion is free.
canst thou re-fuse To wash and be cleansed in His par-don-ing blood?
vale of the tomb; Her message, un-heed-ed, will soon pass a-way.
fin-ish thy race, To sink in the gloom of e-ter-ni-ty's night.
CHORUS.
Come to Him now! O come to Him now, Je-sus is waiting and calling to thee! No
price is demanded, the Savior is here, Redemption is purchased, Salvation is free.

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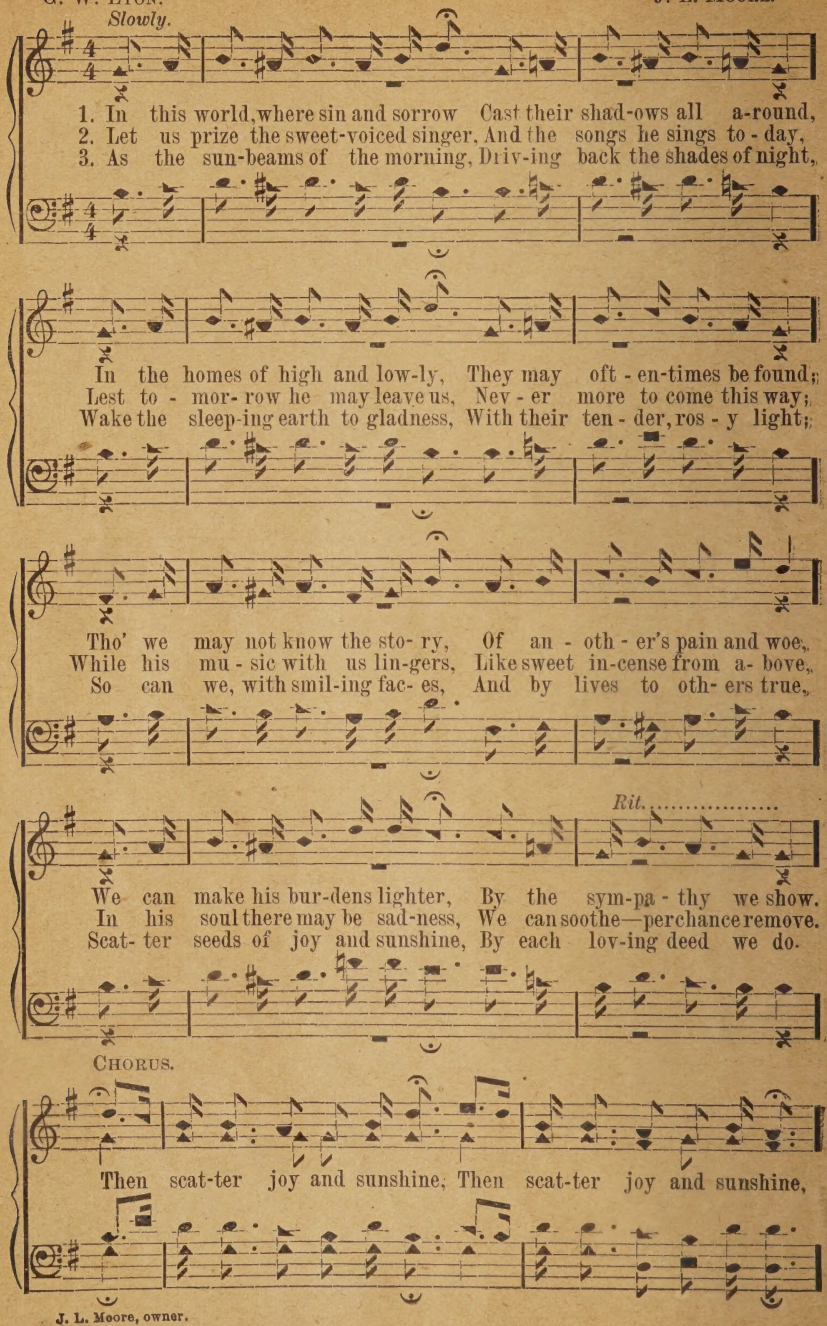
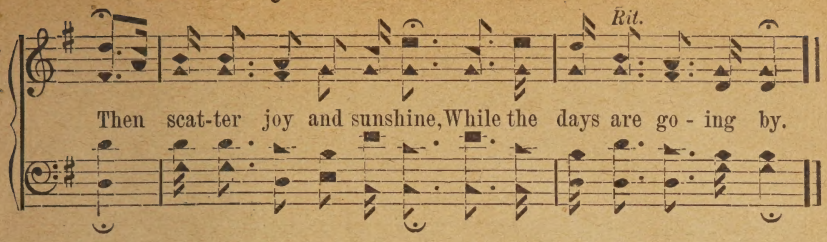
No. 35. SCATTER JOY AND SUNSHINE.

G. W. LYON. J. L. MOORE.

Slowly.


1. In this world, where sin and sorrow Cast their shad-ows all a-round,
2. Let us prize the sweet-voiced singer, And the songs he sings to-day,
3. As the sun-beams of the morning, Driv-ing back the shades of night,
In the homes of high and low-ly, They may oft-en-times be found;
Lest to-mor-row he may leave us, Nev-er more to come this way;
Wake the sleep-ing earth to gladness, With their ten-der, ros-y light;
Tho' we may not know the sto-ry, Of an-oth-er's pain and woe,
While his mu-sic with us lin-gers, Like sweet in-cense from a-bove,
So can we, with smil-ing fac-es, And by lives to oth-ers true,
Rit.
We can make his bur-dens lighter, By the sym-pa-thy we show.
In his soul there may be sad-ness, We can soothe—perchance remove.
Scat-ter seeds of joy and sunshine, By each lov-ing deed we do.
CHORUS.
Then scat-ter joy and sunshine, Then scat-ter joy and sunshine,

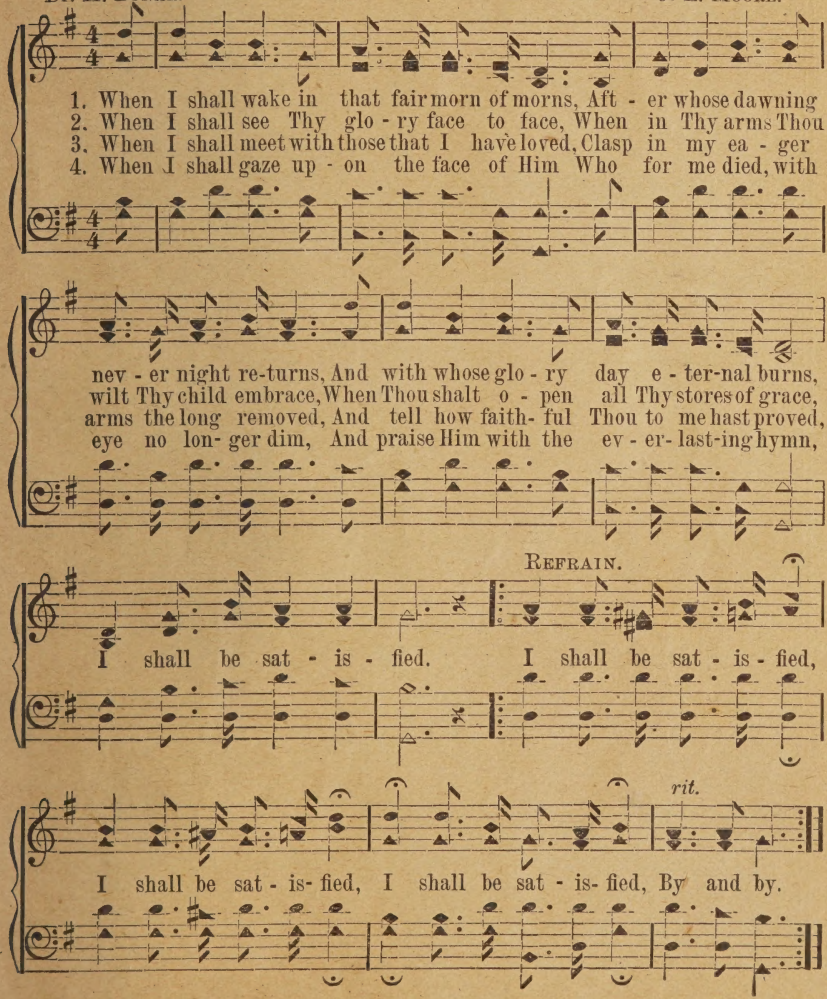
J. L. Moore, owner.



No. 36. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

Dr. H. BONAR. J. L. MOORE.


1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thy arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my ea - ger
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with
nev - er night re-turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter-nal burns,
wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace,
arms the long removed, And tell how faith- ful Thou to me hast proved,
eye no lon- ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er- last-ing hymn,
REFRAIN.
I shall be sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied,
rit.
I shall be sat - is- fied, I shall be sat - is- fied, By and by.

No. 37. Are You Drifting?

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Are you drift-ing with the current? As it gent-ly flows a-long,
2. Are you drift-ing with the current? Set-ting from the golden strand,
3. Are you drift-ing with the current? Flowing gent-ly but a-way
Or re-sist-ing all al-lurements To a line of conduct wrong?
Or ex-ert-ing ev-'ry pow-er E-vil forc-es to with-stand?
From the har-bor of sal-va-tion To the breakers of dis-may?
Spread your sails and catch the breezes Set-ting t'ward the Beulah land,
Seek and catch the precious breathings Of the Spir-it of the Lord,
Lift a cry for help to Je-sus, Stronger than the swiftest tide,
And di-rect your bark ac-cord-ing To the Master's right command.
And for pi-lot take the Mas-ter Of the storm-y seas a-board.
And in-to the peaceful har-bor You will sure-ly, safe-ly glide.
CHORUS.
Are you drift - - - ing with the cur - - rent?
Are you drift-ing with the current? Flow-ing gent-ly, but a-way,

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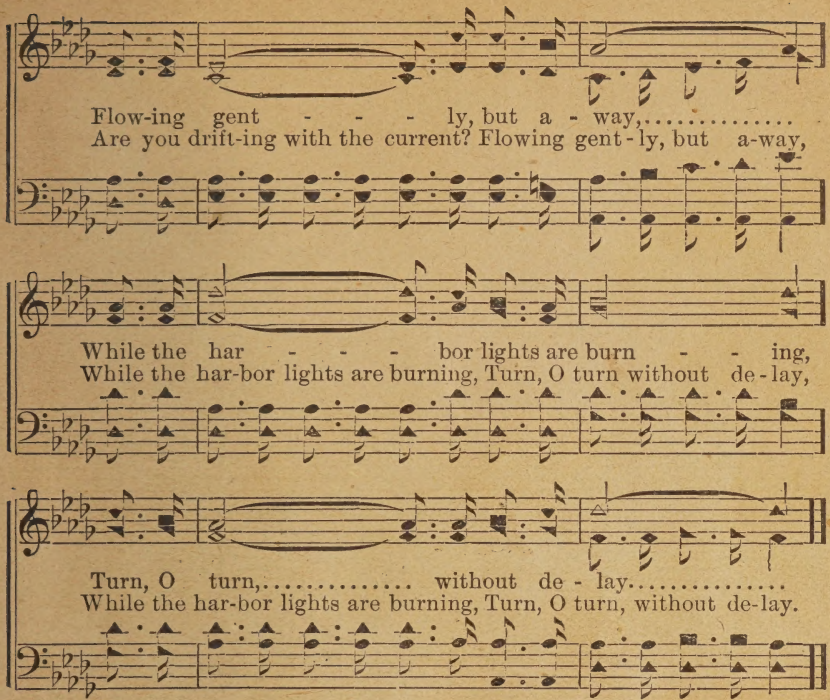
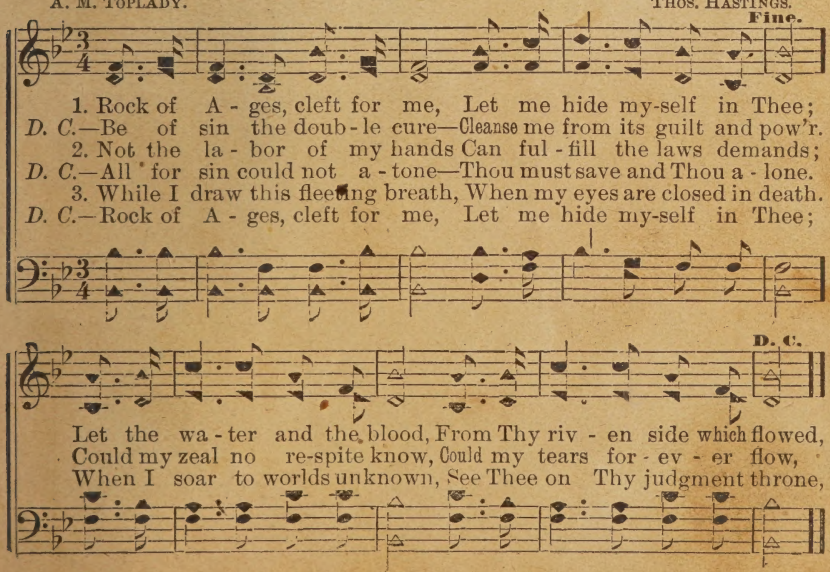
Are You Drifting? Concluded.


Flow-ing gent - - - ly, but a - way,
Are you drift-ing with the current? Flowing gent-ly, but a-way,
While the har - - - bor lights are burn - - ing,
While the har-bor lights are burning, Turn, O turn without de-lay,
Turn, O turn, without de - lay.
While the har-bor lights are burning, Turn, O turn, without de-lay.

No. 38. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.


Fine.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the laws demands;
D. C.—All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save and Thou a - lone.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes are closed in death.
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

No. 39. GATHERING GOLDEN SHEAVES.

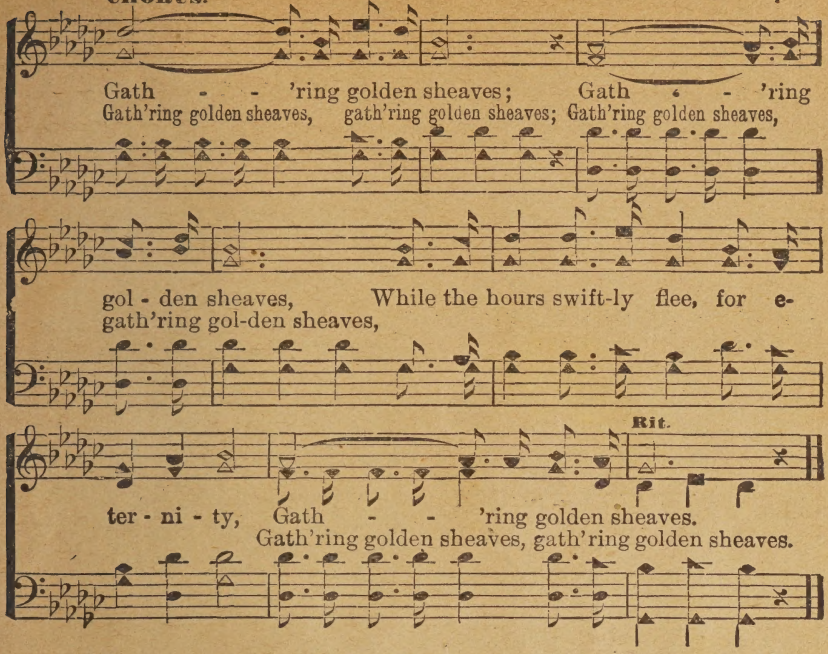
JENNIE WILSON. D. W. CRIST.

1. Work for the Lord in His harvest wide, Gath - - 'ring
2. Grand is the task that be-fore thee lies,
3. Toil on thro' wea-ri-ness, tears and pain, Gath'ring golden sheaves;
gol-den sheaves; Toil from the morning till ev - en - tide,
Glad-ly for garn-ers beyond the skies,
gath'ring golden sheaves; Rich is the prize which the faithful gain,
Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves; Reapers are few and the
Bring to the Mas-ter a
Gath'ring golden sheaves, golden sheaves; Heaven's sweet rest shall the
field is vast, Haste for the moments are speeding fast, Lov-ing-ly la-
shining store, Reap-ing in time for the ev-er-more, Pa-tient-ly toil
reapers know, Bright in their crowns shall the star-gems glow, Won while they toiled
bor while strength shall last, Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves;
till the harvest's o'er,
in the field be-low, Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves,

Used by per. of D. W. Crist, Moultrie, O.

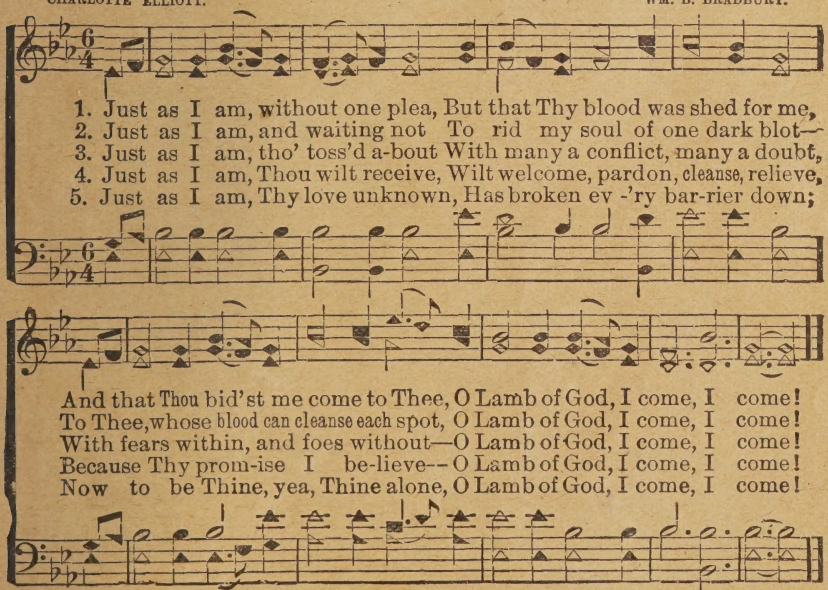
GATHERING GOLDEN SHEAVES. Concluded.

CHORUS.


Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves; Gath - - 'ring
Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves; Gath'ring golden sheaves,
gol - den sheaves, While the hours swift-ly flee, for e-
gath'ring gol-den sheaves,
Rit.
ter - ni - ty, Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves.
Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves.

No. 40. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown, Has broken ev -'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears within, and foes without—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Because Thy prom-ise I be-lieve—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 41. My Heart Keeps Singing.

J M. P. J. M. PIERCE.

1. Tho' gloom-y days may come a - long, No store have I a - head,
2. When o'er my path no sun doth shine, But darkness gath-ers fast,
3. When tri - als come up - on my way I nev - er stop nor fear;
My grate-ful heart will raise a song, And take no tho't for bread;
I do not stop or e'en re-pine, I know it can not last,
But mov-ing for - ward day by day, I can not rest me here;
Of grace He gives a full sup-ply, Then on His help re - ly.
For Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, And makes a heav'n-ly place.
Up yon - der is that peace-ful rest, Up - on my Sav - ior's breast.
CHORUS.
My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by, as the
days go by, My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by.

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No. 42. What Jesus is to Me.

E. R. LATTA. J. C. PERRY.

1. Up - on my pil - grim jour-ney here There is a friend that I have found,
2. My load of sin I feel no more By vir - tue of the blood He shed,
3. He drives my doubts and fears a - way, He makes my ver - y weakness strong,
Who gives my spir - it strength and cheer While to the heav'nly Ca - naan bound.
He takes the bur - den that I bore, And gives me His blest cross in-stead.
To help me He will not de - lay, When I am striving with the wrong.
I trust His guid - ing touch, And
He bids me Him pur - sue, What-
If I will Him o - bey, While
I trust His guid - ing touch, trust His guid - ing touch, And
I the way can see, There is no
e'er my lot may be, And He will
here my lot shall be, He'll take me
I the way can see, and I the way, the way can see, There is no oth-er such,
oth - er such. As my dear Sav - iour is to me.
prove how true My dear Re - deem - er is to me.
home some day, Such my dear Sav - iour is to me.
is no oth - er such,

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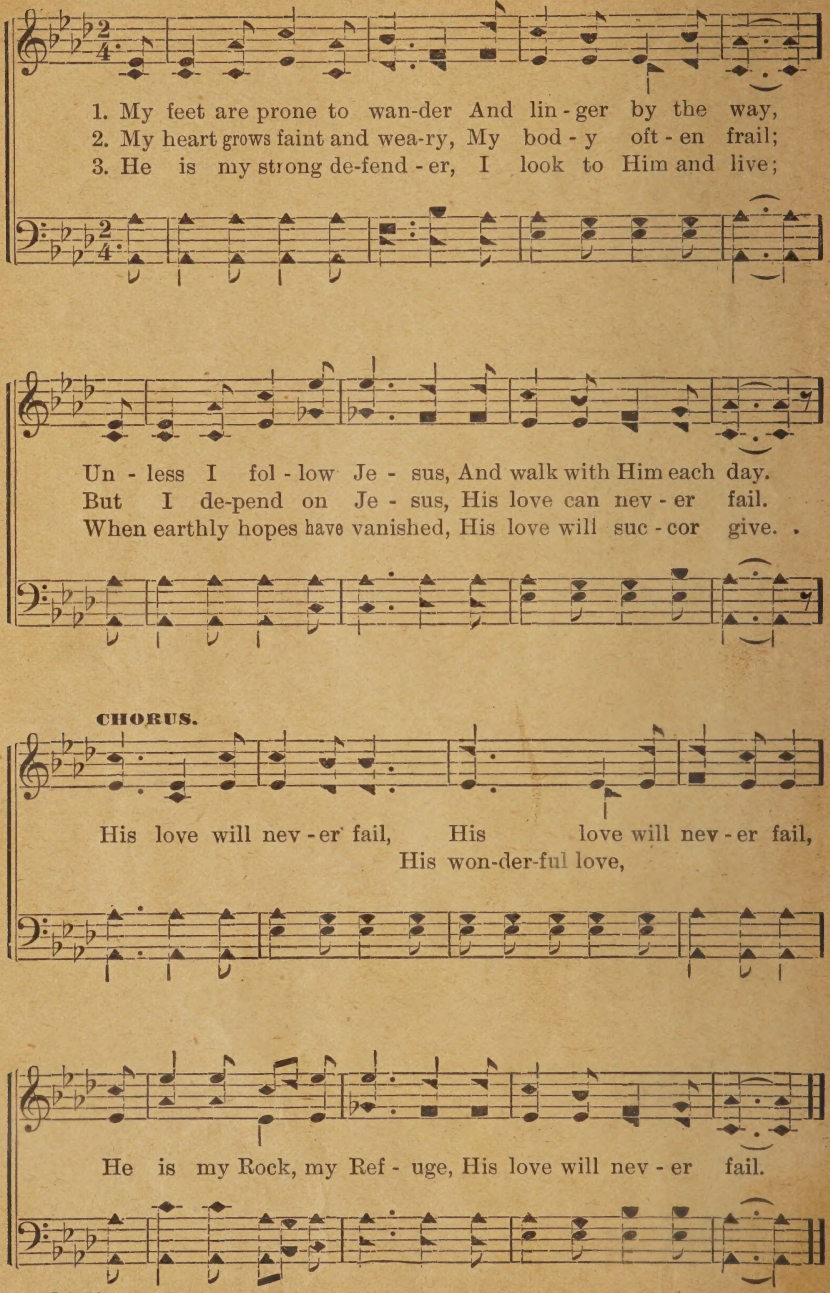
No. 43. HIS LOVE WILL NEVER FAIL.

ADA POWELL. J. L. MOORE.


1. My feet are prone to wan-der And lin-ger by the way,
2. My heart grows faint and wea-ry, My bod-y oft-en frail;
3. He is my strong de-fend-er, I look to Him and live;
Un-less I fol-low Je-sus, And walk with Him each day.
But I de-pend on Je-sus, His love can nev-er fail.
When earthly hopes have vanished, His love will suc-cor give.
CHORUS.
His love will nev-er fail, His love will nev-er fail,
His won-der-ful love,
He is my Rock, my Ref-uge, His love will nev-er fail.

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 44. The Coming of Jesus.

LAURA E. NEWELL. S. J. PERRY.

1. We look for the com-ing of Je - sus, His prom-ise sustains each heart,
2. 'Tis joy to a-bide in His shel - ter, While waiting to hear His voice,
3. How sweet when the day is de-clin - ing To rest on His precious word,
His word is un - fail - ing and steadfast, And faith bids each doubt de - part.
We know He is a - ble to keep us, And we in His love re - joice.
His love doth en - cir - cle us ev - er, With joy we His voice have heard.
Tho' shadows may gath-er a - round us, A rift in the clouds we be - hold,
We may e'er de-pend on His coun - sel To lead us a - right as we roam,
And when we have crossed o'er the riv - er With those who have passed on before,
He ev - er doth comfort and keep us And guides to the cit - y of gold;
And, O, at the close of life's jour-ney, He'll call us to yon-der fair home,
We'll praise Him for-ev - er and ev - er At home on the beau-ti - ful shore,
We look for the com-ing of His kingdom, The Shepherd guards with love His fold.
We know He is faithful that hath promised To lead His chosen safe-ly home.
We'll praise Him forev-er and for - ev - er, And worship on the gold-en shore.

No. 45. I Will Trust in My Savior.

Respectfully inscribed to Prof. and Mrs. J. M. Pierce.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. I will trust in my Sav-ior, Will trust ev - 'ry day, He leads me and
I will trust tho' the shadows Hang dark o'er the way, But Je - sus my
2. I will trust in my Sav-ior, Will trust ev - 'ry hour; He gives strength for
I will trust if my pathway Is stormed by Satan's pow'r; For Je - sus I
3. I will trust in my Sav-ior, Each moment of my life; The wild tem-pest
I will trust in my Sav-ior, Thro' tu-mult and strife, Will trust the Re-
1
2
CHORUS.
nev - er will for - sake; hand in His will take.
ev - 'ry tri - al new; know will help me thro'. I will trust
tho' a - round me roll; deem-er of my soul. I will trust, I will trust
in my Sav - ior ev - 'ry day, I will trust in my
I will trust
Sav - ior all the way, Thro' the dark-ness or the light, Where His love is
beaming bright, I will trust Him all the way.
I will trust in my Re-deem-er all the way (all the way).

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No. 46. Will You Take Jesus To-night?

This song was suggested to the author from Dr. Wilber J. Chapman's sermon at the First Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga., Monday evening, Oct. 24, 1904.

ROBT. H. WALTON. J. M. PIERCE.

1. You've heard the message from God's own word, Will you take Jesus to-night?
2. Just now He's knocking at your heart's door, Will you take Jesus to - night?
3. I will ac-cept Him, I can't de - lay, I will take Je - sus to - night;
f.
Fine.
The sweetest message that e'er was heard, Will you take Je-sus to - night?
He calls the rich and He calls the poor, Will you take Je-sus to - night?
I'll cast my all at His feet and say, "I will take Je-sus to - night?"
D. S.—If your heart's not right in the Savior's sight, Will you take Jesus to-night?
The moments are passing, 'twill soon be too late, Brother, take Jesus to-night,
His Spirit will not always plead for your heart, Brother, take Jesus to-night,
His word now I trust as I turn from my sin, I will take Je-sus to - night;
By wait-ing to-mor-row may seal your fate, Will you take Jesus to - night?
O bid Him come in lest He now de-part, Will you take Jesus to - night?
I ope wide the door and in - vite Him in, I'll ac-cept Je-sus to - night.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Will you take Jesus to - night?.... Will you take Jesus to - night?.....
take Je-sus to-night? take Je-sus to-night?

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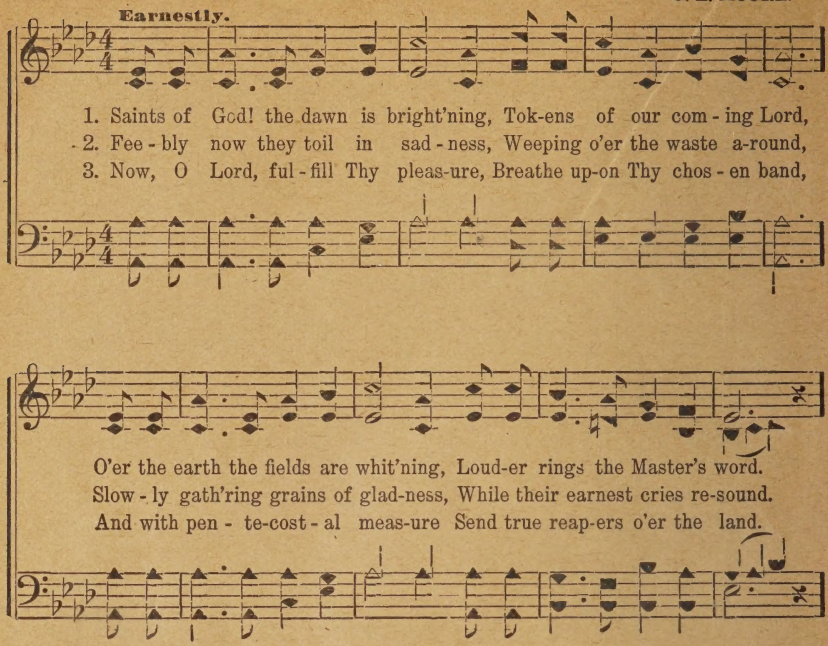
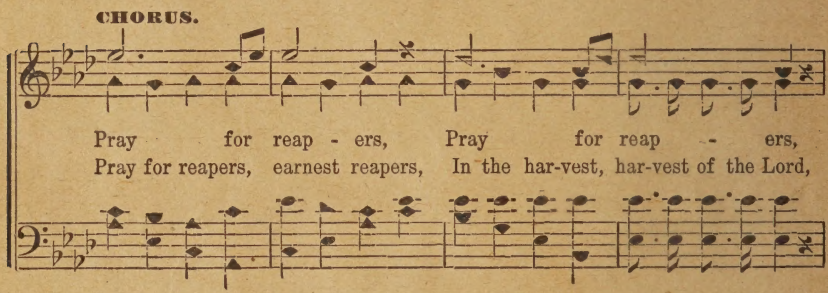
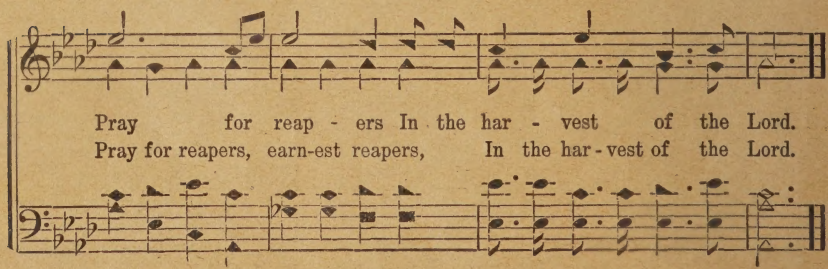
No. 47. **PRAY FOR REAPERS.**

J. L. MOORE.


Earnestly.
1. Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok-ens of our com - ing Lord,
2. Fee - bly now they toil in sad - ness, Weeping o'er the waste a-round,
3. Now, O Lord, ful - fill Thy pleas-ure, Breathe up-on Thy chos - en band,
O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Loud-er rings the Master's word.
Slow - ly gath'ring grains of glad-ness, While their earnest cries re-sound.
And with pen - te-cost - al meas-ure Send true reap-ers o'er the land.

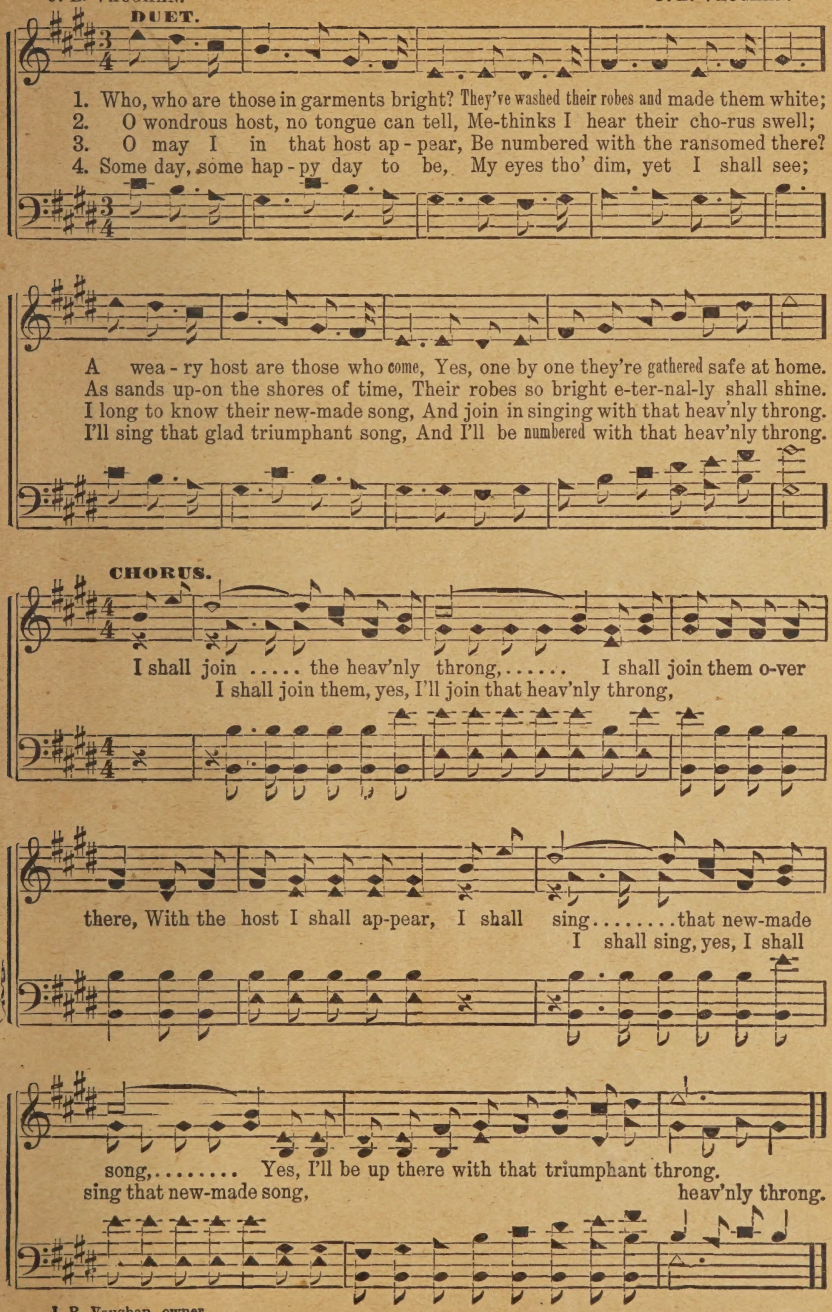




J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 48. The Heavenly Throng.

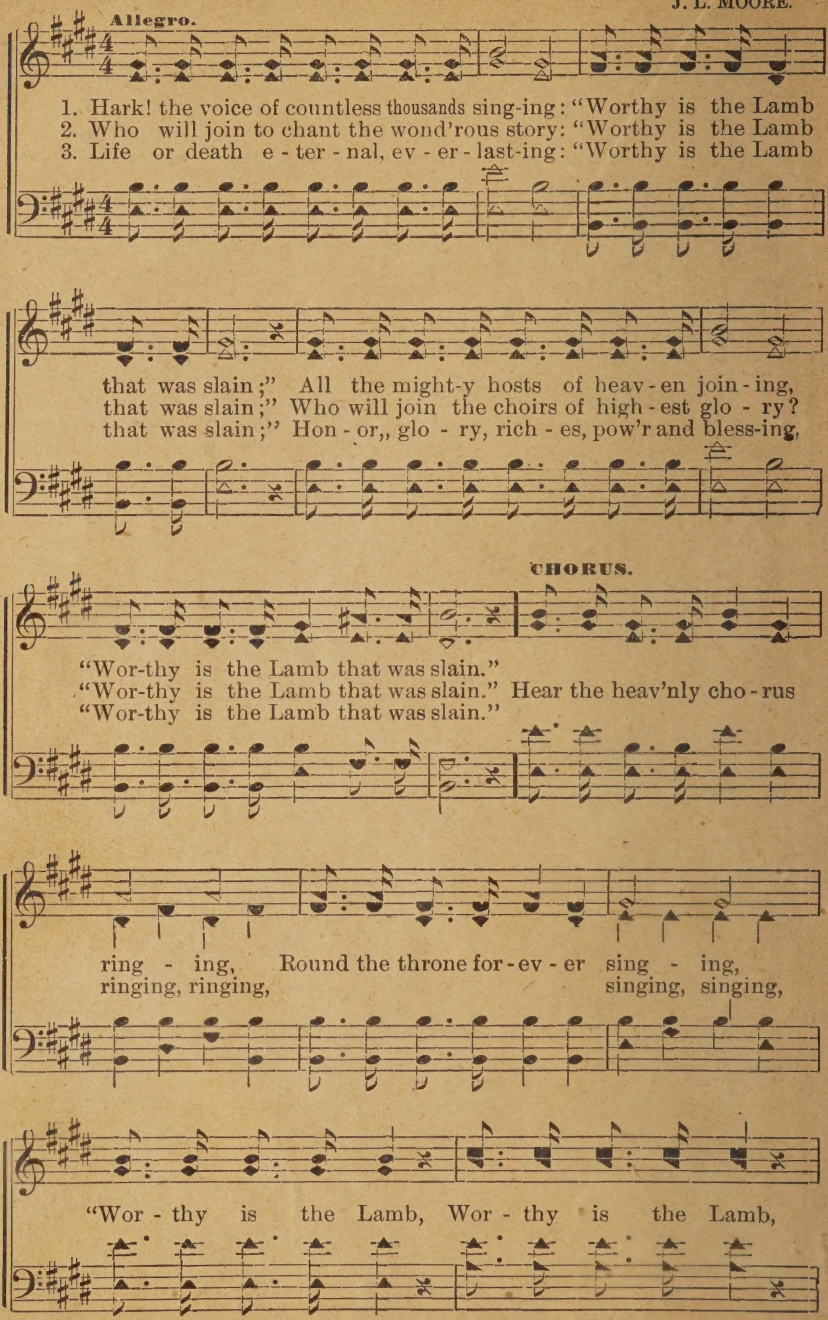
J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.


DUET.
1. Who, who are those in garments bright? They've washed their robes and made them white;
2. O wondrous host, no tongue can tell, Me-thinks I hear their cho-rus swell;
3. O may I in that host ap - pear, Be numbered with the ransomed there?
4. Some day, some hap - py day to be, My eyes tho' dim, yet I shall see;
A wea - ry host are those who come, Yes, one by one they're gathered safe at home.
As sands up-on the shores of time, Their robes so bright e-ter-nal-ly shall shine.
I long to know their new-made song, And join in singing with that heav'nly throng.
I'll sing that glad triumphant song, And I'll be numbered with that heav'nly throng.
CHORUS.
I shall join ..... the heav'nly throng, ... I shall join them o-ver
I shall join them, yes, I'll join that heav'nly throng,
there, With the host I shall ap-pear, I shall sing.....that new-made
I shall sing, yes, I shall
song, ... Yes, I'll be up there with that triumphant throng.
sing that new-made song, heav'nly throng.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

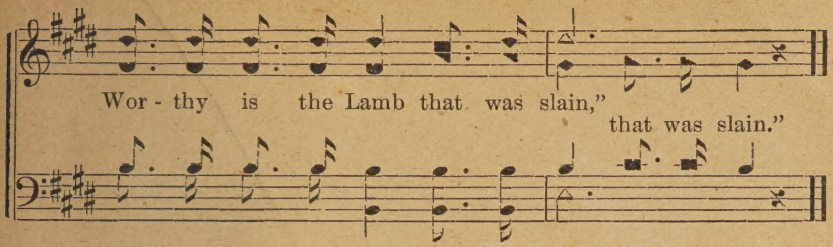
No. 49. WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

J. L. MOORE.


Allegro.
1. Hark! the voice of countless thousands sing-ing: "Worthy is the Lamb
2. Who will join to chant the wond'rous story: "Worthy is the Lamb
3. Life or death e - ter - nal, ev - er - last-ing: "Worthy is the Lamb
that was slain;" All the might-y hosts of heav - en join - ing,
that was slain;" Who will join the choirs of high - est glo - ry?
that was slain;" Hon - or,, glo - ry, rich - es, pow'r and bless-ing,
CHORUS.
"Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain."
"Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain." Hear the heav'nly cho - rus
"Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain."
ring - ing, Round the throne for - ev - er sing - ing,
ringing, ringing, singing, singing,
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, Wor - thy is the Lamb,

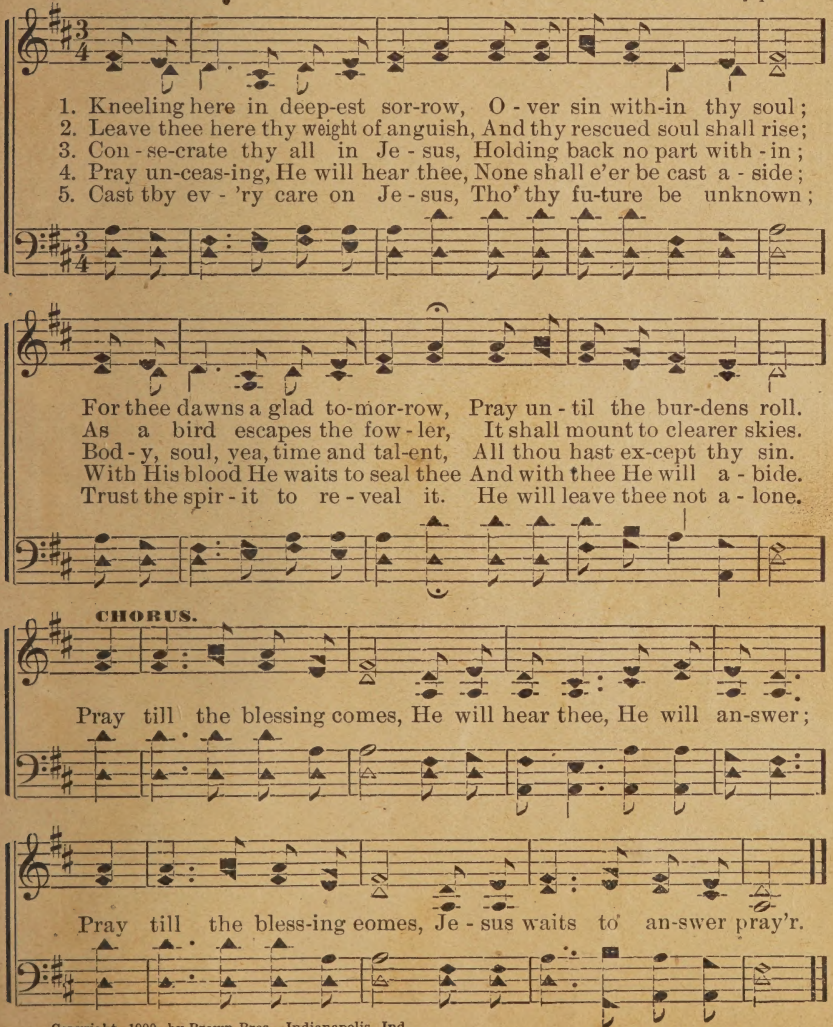
J. L. Moore, owner.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB. Concluded.



No. 50. PRAY TILL THE BLESSING COMES.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN. By per.


1. Kneeling here in deep-est sor-row, O - ver sin with-in thy soul;
2. Leave thee here thy weight of anguish, And thy rescued soul shall rise;
3. Con - se-crate thy all in Je - sus, Holding back no part with - in;
4. Pray un-ceas-ing, He will hear thee, None shall e'er be cast a - side;
5. Cast thy ev - 'ry care on Je - sus, Tho' thy fu-ture be unknown;
For thee dawns a glad to-mor-row, Pray un - til the bur-dens roll.
As a bird escapes the fow - ler, It shall mount to clearer skies.
Bod - y, soul, yea, time and tal-ent, All thou hast ex-cept thy sin.
With His blood He waits to seal thee And with thee He will a - bide.
Trust the spir - it to re - veal it. He will leave thee not a - lone.
CHORUS.
Pray till the blessing comes, He will hear thee, He will an-swer;
Pray till the bless-ing comes, Je - sus waits to an-swer pray'r.

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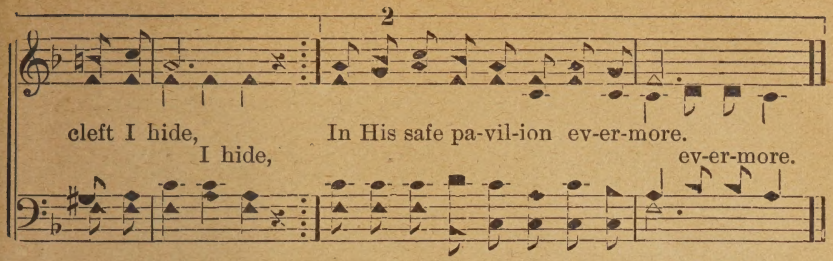
No. 51. THE RIFTED ROCK.

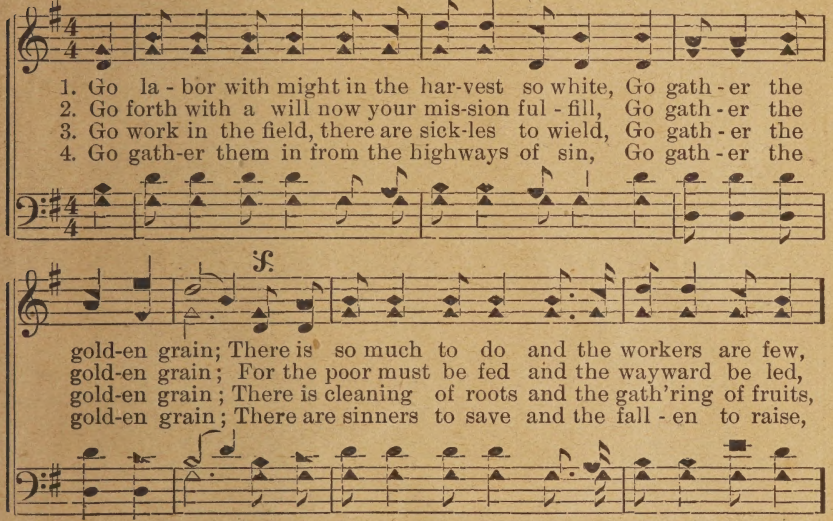
J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. In the rift - ed rock I'm sweet - ly rest - ing, Safe - ly shel-tered
2. Tho' I've been pur - sued by sin and Sa - tan, O I'm wea - ry
3. In this rift - ed rock I e'er will hide me, Till I'm sure the
while I here a - bide; Here tem-pest - uous storms can ne'er mo-
long - ing for the rest; But I sought and found the heav'n-ly
storms of life are o'er; I am safe se-cured in this sure
CHORUS.
lest me, While secured within the cleft I hide.
shel - ter, Opened for me in my Saviour's breast. Rest - ing,
ref - uge, In His great pa-vil - ion ev - er - more. Resting, sweetly resting,
rest - ing, safe-ly sheltered while I here a - bide, here a - bide,
resting, sweetly rest-ing, till I'm sure the storms of life are o'er, life are o'er,
1
Rest - ing, rest - ing, While secured with-in the
Resting, sweetly rest-ing, rest-ing, sweetly rest-ing,



No. 52. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

ANON. J. L. MOORE.


1. Go la - bor with might in the har-vest so white, Go gath - er the
2. Go forth with a will now your mis-sion ful - fill, Go gath - er the
3. Go work in the field, there are sick-les to wield, Go gath - er the
4. Go gath-er them in from the highways of sin, Go gath - er the
f.
gold-en grain; There is so much to do and the workers are few,
gold-en grain; For the poor must be fed and the wayward be led,
gold-en grain; There is cleaning of roots and the gath'ring of fruits,
gold-en grain; There are sinners to save and the fall - en to raise,
D. S. There is work for us all, for the great and the small,

Fine.
CHORUS.
Go gath - er the gold - en grain. Go gath - er the gold - en
Go gath - er the gold - en grain.
D. S.
grain, Go gath-er the gold-en grain.
gather the golden grain, gather the golden grain.

No. 53. I Love the Lord.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. I love the Lord because He hears my voice in time of need;
2. I love the Lord, since pardon sweet He free - ly gave to me;
3. I love the Lord, O praise His name, a friend to all is He;
When-e'er I call up - on His name, I find a friend in-deed;
Tho' bound by slav - ish chains of sin, His grace hath made me free;
When conflicts sore compass my soul, He calls, "Peace, peace to thee."
He ev - er waits with ten-der love to grant our ev - 'ry plea,
O! bless - ed tho't the Lord hath said: "I know and love my own,"
I'll love Him still, tho' fi - ery tri - als may my way at-tend,
Just ask be - liev-ing, doubt Him not, He'll surely suc - cor thee.
With low-ly hearts then each should think: "I'll reap whate'er I've sown."
For well I know His strength and love will keep me to the end.
CHORUS.
I love..... the Lord, O praise His holy name, I love.....
I love the Lord, O praise His holy name, His holy name, I love the Lord, His

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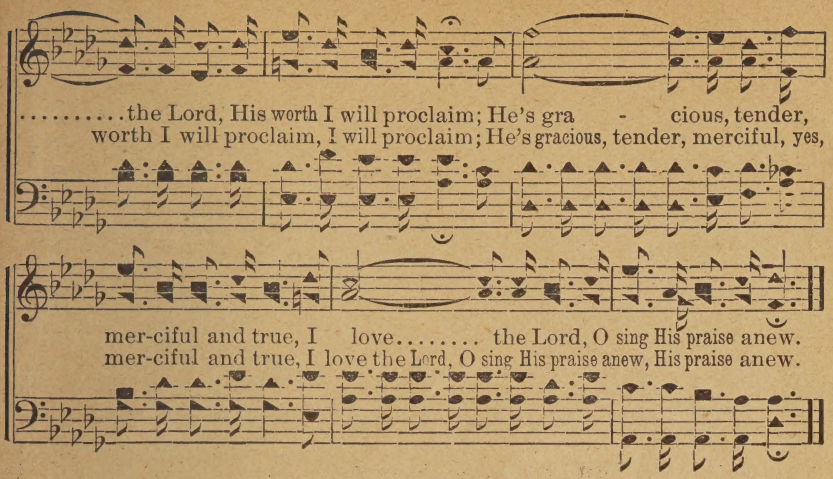
I Love the Lord. Concluded.


.....the Lord, His worth I will proclaim; He's gra - cious, tender,
worth I will proclaim, I will proclaim; He's gracious, tender, merciful, yes,
mer-ciful and true, I love..... the Lord, O sing His praise anew.
mer-ciful and true, I love the Lord, O sing His praise anew, His praise anew.

No. 54. The Parting Hand.*

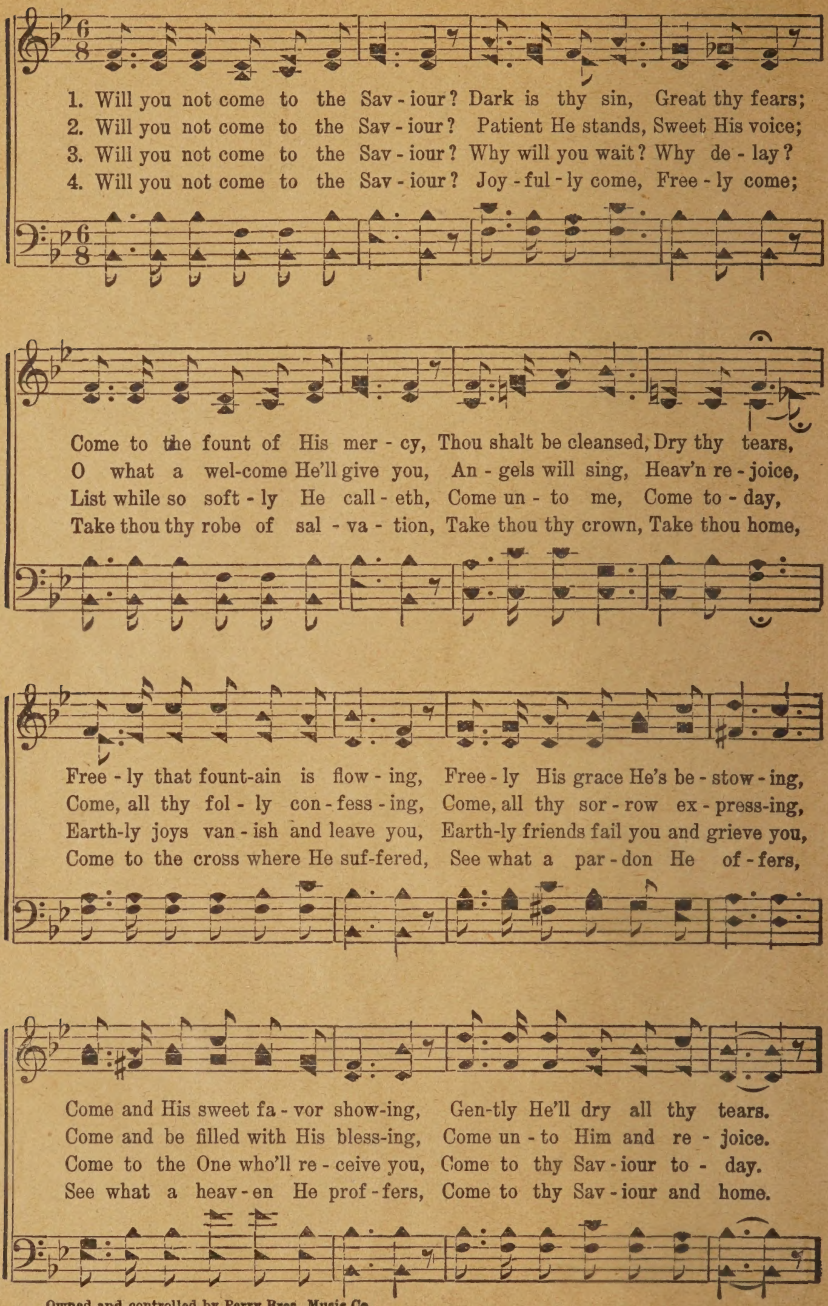
Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN. Arr. by T. M. LOCKE.

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hopes are built on things above; Your friendship's
2. My youthful friends, in Christian ties, Who seek for mansions in the skies, Fight on, we'll
3. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on; And if, on
4. O glorious day! O blessed hope! My soul leaps forward at the tho't, When in that
Fine. CHORUS.
like a drawing band, Yet we must take the part - ing hand.
gain that happy shore, Where partings will be known no more. O blessed hope, be
earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
hap-py, hap-py land, We'll no more take the part-ing hand.
D. S.—We'll sing and shout thro' endless years.
D. S.
yond the sky, We'll meet and never say good-bye; Yes, in that land so free from tears,

*An excellent parting song for schools and other occasions.

No. 55. Will You Not Come?

PALMER HARTSOUGH. F. CLARK PERRY.


1. Will you not come to the Sav - iour? Dark is thy sin, Great thy fears;
2. Will you not come to the Sav - iour? Patient He stands, Sweet His voice;
3. Will you not come to the Sav - iour? Why will you wait? Why de - lay?
4. Will you not come to the Sav - iour? Joy - ful - ly come, Free - ly come;
Come to the fount of His mer - cy, Thou shalt be cleansed, Dry thy tears,
O what a wel-come He'll give you, An - gels will sing, Heav'n re - joice,
List while so soft - ly He call - eth, Come un - to me, Come to - day,
Take thou thy robe of sal - va - tion, Take thou thy crown, Take thou home,
Free - ly that fount-ain is flow - ing, Free - ly His grace He's be - stow - ing,
Come, all thy fol - ly con - fess - ing, Come, all thy sor - row ex - press-ing,
Earth-ly joys van - ish and leave you, Earth-ly friends fail you and grieve you,
Come to the cross where He suf-fered, See what a par - don He of - fers,
Come and His sweet fa - vor show-ing, Gen-tly He'll dry all thy tears.
Come and be filled with His bless-ing, Come un - to Him and re - joice.
Come to the One who'll re - ceive you, Come to thy Sav - iour to - day.
See what a heav - en He prof - fers, Come to thy Sav - iour and home.

Owned and controlled by Perry Bros. Music Co.

Will You Not Come? Concluded.

REFRAIN.
Come, while yet hope in - cites thee, Come ere the Judge re - quites thee,
Come, while He now in - vites thee, O do not long - er de-
lay,
Come ere shade falls,
O come ere the shades be fall - - ing,
come ere night palls,
Come ere the night be pall - ing, Come where His sweet voice is
Come while He calls, Come to thy Sav-iour, thy Sav - iour to - day.
call - - ing, Come to thy Sav-iour to - day.....

No. 56. TOILING ON.

W. C. McCONNELL. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Let us scat-ter seeds of kindness, And dispel the gloom and sadness;
2. See the vineyard gate is wid'ning, And the ripen'd fruit is wast-ing;
3. Shall we go a-lone to glo-ry, Or shall we not tell the sto-ry
4. Let your voice be always ring-ing, Of the Sav-iour ev-er sing-ing;
Let us fill some heart with gladness, As we jour-ney, jour-ney on.
'Twill be lost for want of glean-ing, Who will go and work to-day?
Of our Lord, the Christ so ho-ly, And receive the great re-ward?
You have heard His sweet voice calling, Go in haste! be toil-ing on.
CHORUS.
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on,
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on,
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Guid-ed
toil-ing on, toil-ing on,
by the hand of Je-sus, We are toil-ing, toil-ing on.

Used by per. of H. A. R. Horton.

No. 57. My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. B. B. Beall.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is
2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is
3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is
4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is
a-ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My
a-ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Jesus in pray'r, I
a-ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For
a-ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For
is a-ble to save;
REFRAIN.
Jesus is a-ble to save. My Jesus is a-ble to save, . . .
know He is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
is a-ble to save,
My Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . . . His grace is so
is a-ble to save;
rit.
free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .
is a-ble to save.

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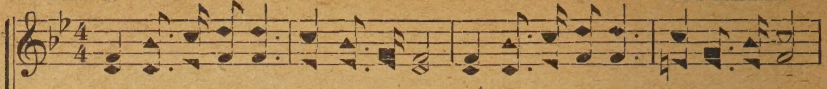
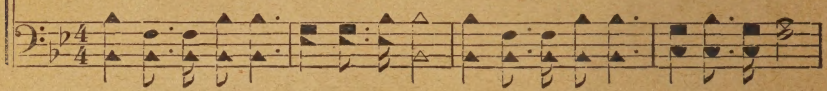
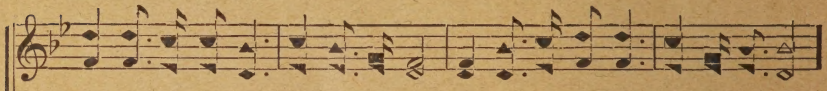
No. 58. DON'T GRIEVE YOUR MOTHER.

F. M. G. F. M. Graham.

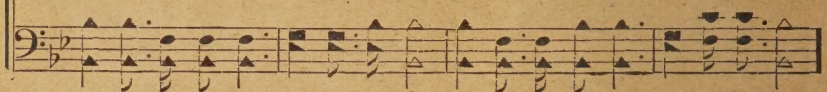


1. Some-bod-y's mother, praying to-night, For her dear children, out of her sight,
2. Some mother's darling, her own dear boy, Down at the dram-shop, sapping her joy,
3. Some precious daughter, tho' mother's old, Yet she has wandered far from the fold;
4. I had a mother, lov-ing and true; But she de-part-ed out from our view;
5. Sweet to my mem'ry and fresh to-day, When mother taught me to kneel and pray,

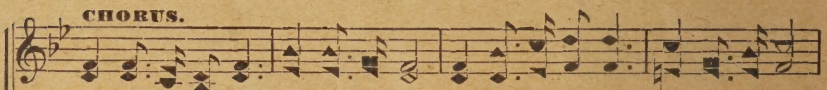




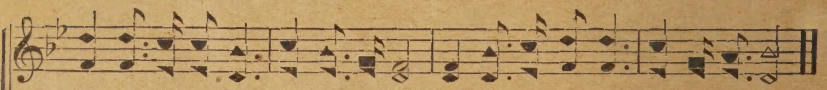
Anx-ious-ly wait-ing for them to come In from the night fall, in-to their home.
O son, remember dear mother's pray'r, How she is wait-ing burdened with care.
Don't grieve your mother who loves you so, Soon you will miss her from earth below.
Well I re-mem-ber, O sad the day, She called us round her then passed away.
Point-ing to heav-en that home a-bove Where I will meet her, she whom I love.



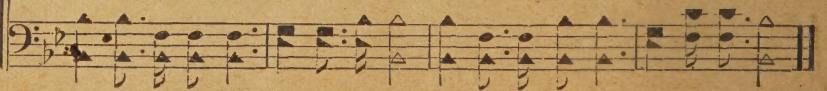
CHORUS.



Don't grieve your mother, don't grieve her so, You'll find no other on earth be-low,



Soon you will miss her, how sad and lone! Far from your presence she will have flown.



No. 59. BLESSED DAY IS SURELY COMING.

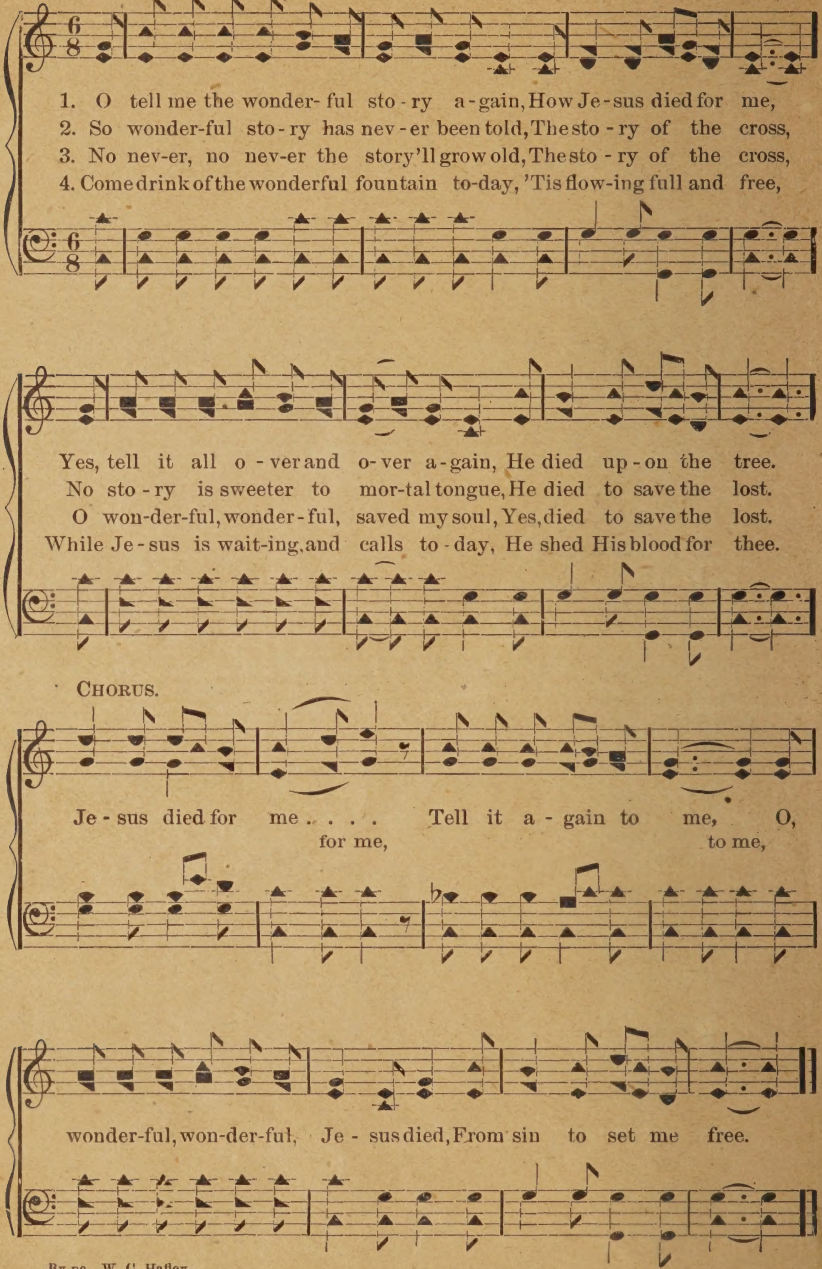
J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

SOLO. Gently.
1. I am longing, waiting, watching, Wait - ing for that promised day;
2. Bless-ed Je - sus I am wea - ry, How I long for rest at home;
3. All is naught below but Je - sus, Je - sus is my on - ly friend;
I am go-ing home with Je - sus, I'll be happy then for aye.
Hear my Saviour, while I pray Thee, May the answer quickly come.
He will ne'er forsake nor leave me; But will keep me to the end.
CHORUS.
Blessed day..... is sure-ly com - ing, And it won't.....
Blessed day is coming, And it won't be ver-y long; Blessed day is
..... be ver-y long; See the lights..... are brightly
coming and it won't be ver-y long; See the lights are dawning and I
dawn - - - ing, And I al - - - most hear their song. (it won't be long.)
al-most hear their song, I can almost hear their new made song.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 60. O, TELL ME THE WONDERFUL STORY.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.


1. O tell me the wonder- ful sto - ry a - gain, How Je - sus died for me,
2. So wonder-ful sto - ry has nev - er been told, The sto - ry of the cross,
3. No nev-er, no nev-er the story'll grow old, The sto - ry of the cross,
4. Come drink of the wonderful fountain to-day, 'Tis flow-ing full and free,
Yes, tell it all o - ver and o-ver a-gain, He died up - on the tree.
No sto - ry is sweeter to mor-tal tongue, He died to save the lost.
O won-der-ful, wonder - ful, saved my soul, Yes, died to save the lost.
While Je - sus is wait-ing, and calls to - day, He shed His blood for thee.
CHORUS.
Je - sus died for me . . . . Tell it a - gain to me, O,
for me, to me,
wonder-ful, won-der-ful, Je - sus died, From sin to set me free.

By pe W. C Hafley.

No. 61. PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. The world has need of Christian men, Who wear the worker's seal,
2. The church has need of helping hands, And hearts that know and feel,
3. Then don't stand i - dly look-ing on, The fight with sin is real;
4. Then work and watch and fight and pray, With all thy might and zeal;
Come, help the good work move a-long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
The work to do is here for you, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
It will be long, but must go on, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
Push ev - 'ry wor - thy work a - long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
REFRAIN.
Put your shoul - der to the wheel, push a - long, (push a - long,)
Do your du - ty with a heart full of song; (full of song;) We
all have work, let no one shirk, Put your shoulder to the wheel.

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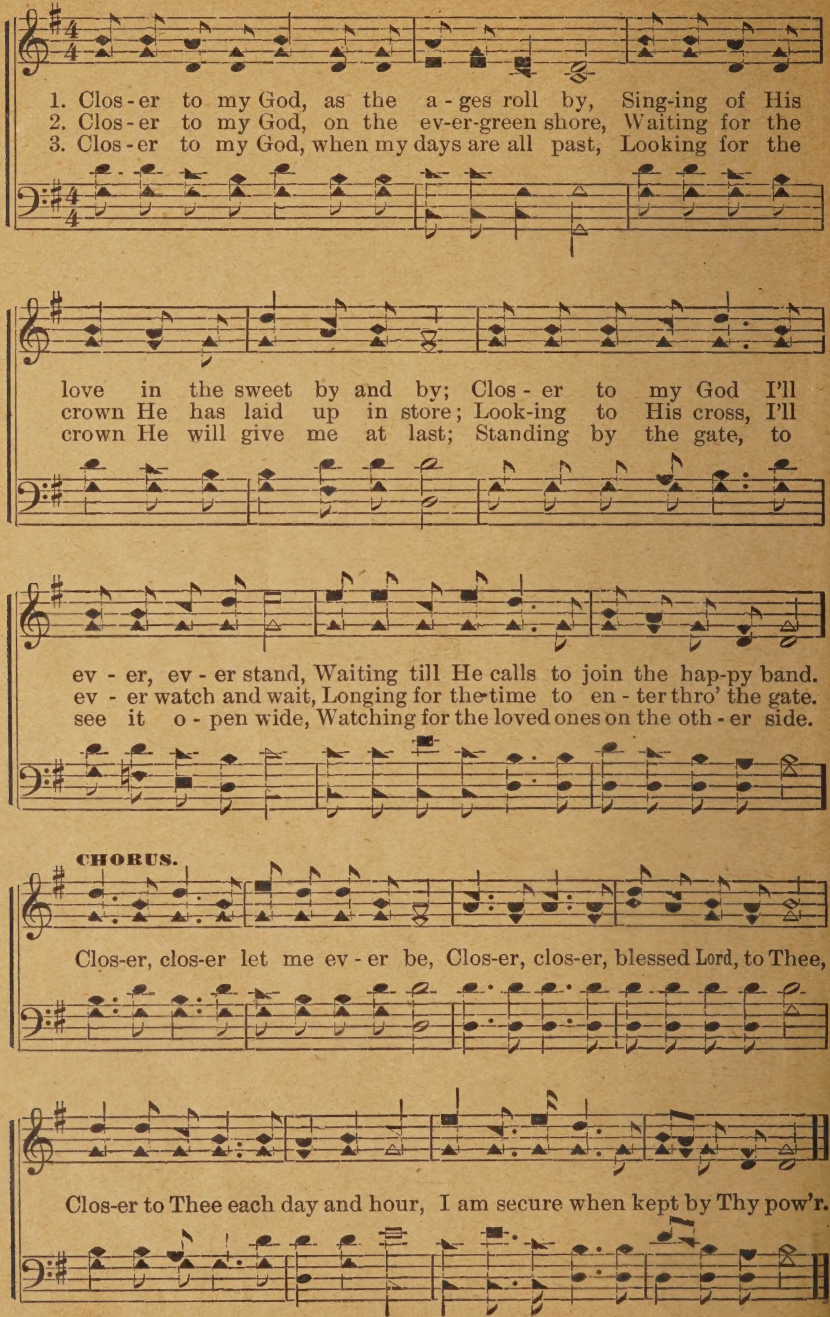
No. 62. CLOSER TO GOD.

JAMES L. PICKARD. J. L. MOORE.


1. Clos-er to my God, as the a-ges roll by, Sing-ing of His
2. Clos-er to my God, on the ev-er-green shore, Waiting for the
3. Clos-er to my God, when my days are all past, Looking for the
love in the sweet by and by; Clos-er to my God I'll
crown He has laid up in store; Look-ing to His cross, I'll
crown He will give me at last; Standing by the gate, to
ev-er, ev-er stand, Waiting till He calls to join the hap-py band.
ev-er watch and wait, Longing for the time to en-ter thro' the gate.
see it o-pen wide, Watching for the loved ones on the oth-er side.
CHORUS.
Clos-er, clos-er let me ev-er be, Clos-er, clos-er, blessed Lord, to Thee,
Clos-er to Thee each day and hour, I am secure when kept by Thy pow'r.

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 63. Working Brings Reward.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. In working for Jesus blest peace is found, For pleasures, sweet pleasures will
2. When liv-ing for self no sweet bliss is known, Of bringing to Je - sus poor
3. O, may we each prove our true faith in God, And follow in joy where our
4. O, give me new strength, blessed Lord, I pray, To la-bor for Thee and Thy
e'er a-bound; I'll labor while here to find rest a - bove, In mansions of glo-
wand'rers lone, Or lending a hand to the young and old Who're weary, forsak-
Mas - ter trod; Go errands of mercy, the poor re lieve, Till Jesus shall call,
cause each day; Increase, Lord, my faith, be my help and guide, Till Jordan I cross
CHORUS.
ry so bright with love.
en, out - side the fold. Work - ing in His vine - yard,
"Come, thy crown receive."
and with Thee a - bide. Working in His vineyard, in His vineyard, in His vineyard,
Toil - - ing for my Lord;..... Win - - ning
Toiling, toiling for my Lord, yes, toiling for my Lord; Winning souls for Je sus,
souls for Je - sus, Bring - eth sweet re - ward.....
souls for Jesus, souls for Jesus, Bringeth sweet reward, yes, sweet reward, yes, sweet reward.

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No. 64.

EASTER HILLS.

(For Easter Service.)

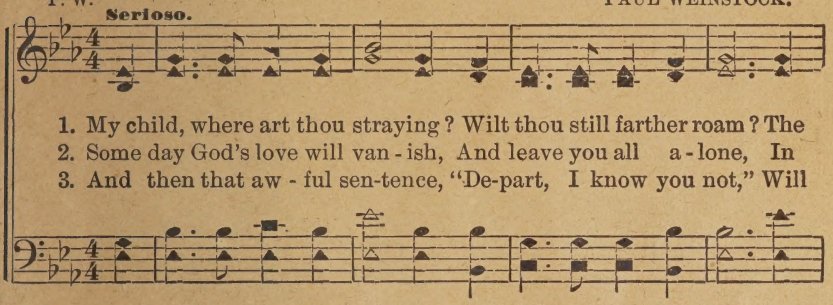
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Beau - ti - ful hills of Eas - ter morn, Smiling in nat-ure's dew,
2. Beau - ti - ful hills of Eas - ter morn, Clear is the light that lies
To thee we raise our hearts in praise And strike the lyre a - new.
Up - on thy love en-circ - led brow, Re-flect - ing on the skies.
Si - lent the voice of thy re-frain, Ech - o - ing o - ver hill and plain,
Beau-ti - ful sig - net of the love, Showered up-on us from a-bove,
O'er mainland, isl - and, rocks and rills, Tri-umph-ant Eas - ter Hills.
God's word in thee He now ful - fills, O shin - ing Eas - ter Hills.
CHORUS.
O Eas-ter Hills to thee belong The glo - ry of a tri-umph song,

Property of J. L. Moore.

No. 65. DYING FROM HOME.

P. W. PAUL WEINSTOCK.


Serioso.
1. My child, where art thou straying? Wilt thou still farther roam? The
2. Some day God's love will van-ish, And leave you all a-lone, In
3. And then that aw-ful sen-tence, "De-part, I know you not," Will
CHORUS.
night of death is com-ing, Art thou a-way from home?
this sad world to wander, Without a friend or home. Dy-ing from
be your meager wag-es, For years misspent, forgot.
Rit. ad libitum.
home, dying from home, Lost, lost, lost, lost, Dy - ing from home.

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 66. THE CITY MADE OF GOLD.

MRS. ADA POWELL. J. L. MOORE.

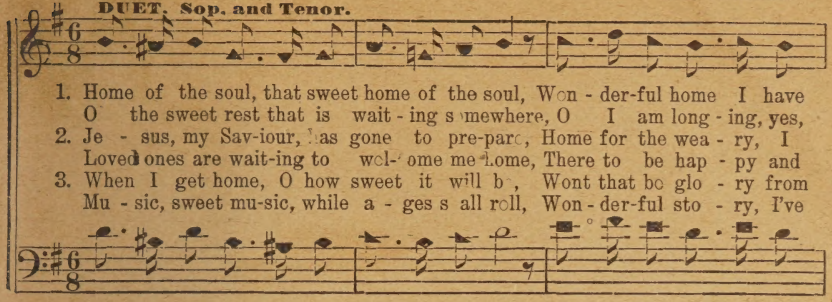
1. Just be - yond the mys - tic riv - er, With its glo - ries
2. An - gel voic - es sing of Je - sus, Sing the sto - ry
3. O our hearts are light and joy - ful Since the bur - den
all un - told; In a land of ra-diant beau - ty There's a
sweet and old; O - ver in the land of mu - sic, In the
from us rolled; For some-time we'll know the splen - dor Of the
REFRAIN.
cit - y made of gold.
cit - y made of gold.
cit - y made of gold.
O the joy and bliss un -
chang - ing, Which our spir - its will in - fold; When we
reach the home e - ter - nal, In the cit - y made of gold.

Owned by J. L. Moore.

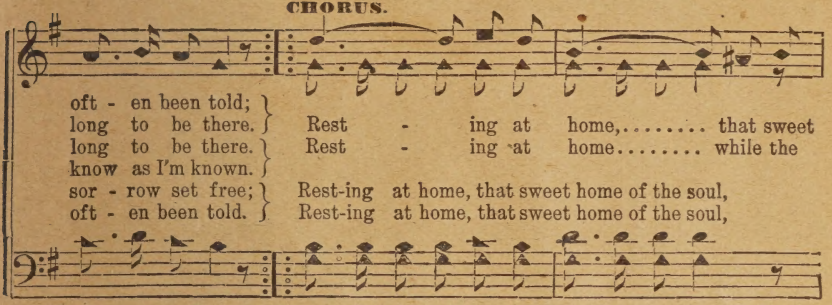
No. 67. THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

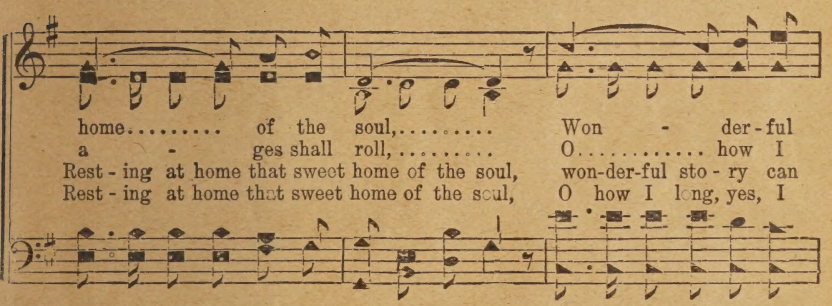
J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

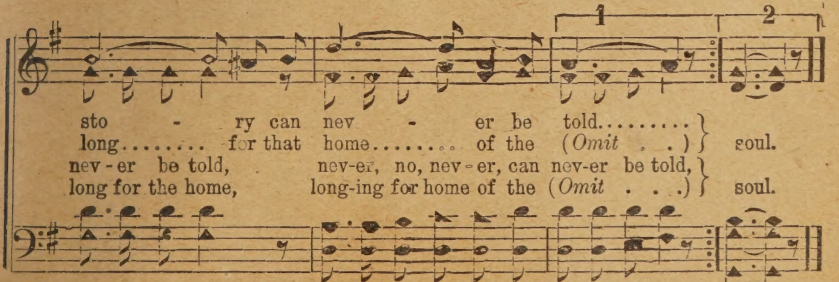
DUET. Sop. and Tenor.


1. Home of the soul, that sweet home of the soul, Won - der-ful home I have
O the sweet rest that is wait - ing s mewhere, O I am long - ing, yes,
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has gone to pre-pare, Home for the wea - ry, I
Loved ones are wait-ing to wel- ome me home, There to be hap - py and
3. When I get home, O how sweet it will b , Wont that be glo - ry from
Mu - sic, sweet mu-sic, while a - ges s all roll, Won - der-ful sto - ry, I've

CHORUS.


oft - en been told;
long to be there. Rest - ing at home, that sweet
long to be there. Rest - ing at home while the
know as I'm known.
sor - row set free; Rest-ing at home, that sweet home of the soul,
oft - en been told. Rest-ing at home, that sweet home of the soul,

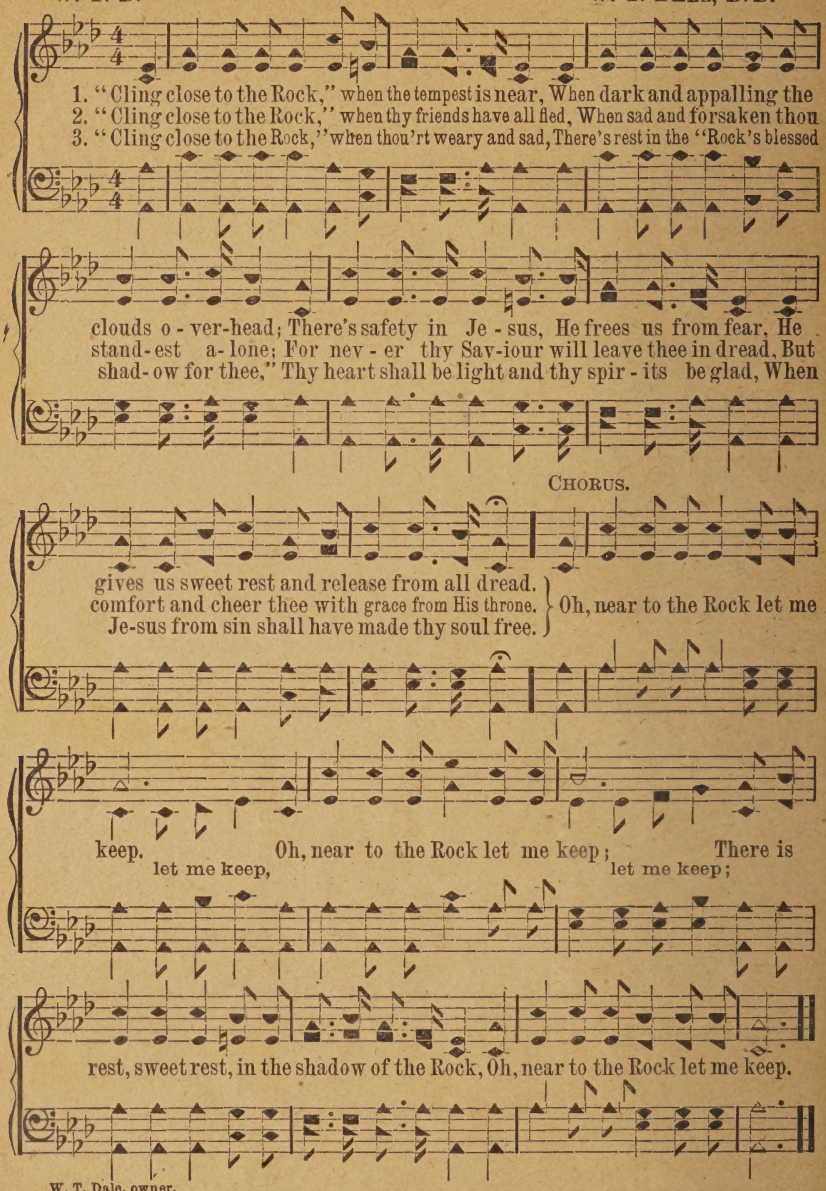

home of the soul, Won - der-ful
a - ges shall roll, O how I
Rest - ing at home that sweet home of the soul, won-der-ful sto - ry can
Rest - ing at home that sweet home of the soul, O how I long, yes, I


1
2
sto - ry can nev - er be told.
long for that home of the (Omit . .) soul.
nev-er be told, nev-er, no, nev-er, can nev-er be told,
long for the home, long-ing for home of the (Omit . . .) soul.

No. 68. CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

"The Lord is my Rock."—Psa. 18 : 2.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE, D. D.


1. "Cling close to the Rock," when the tempest is near, When dark and appalling the
2. "Cling close to the Rock," when thy friends have all fled, When sad and forsaken thou
3. "Cling close to the Rock," when thou'rt weary and sad, There's rest in the "Rock's blessed
clouds o - ver-head; There's safety in Je - sus, He frees us from fear, He
stand-est a- lone; For nev - er thy Sav-iour will leave thee in dread, But
shad-ow for thee," Thy heart shall be light and thy spir - its be glad, When
CHORUS.
gives us sweet rest and release from all dread.
comfort and cheer thee with grace from His throne.
Je-sus from sin shall have made thy soul free.
Oh, near to the Rock let me
keep. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep; There is
let me keep, let me keep;
rest, sweet rest, in the shadow of the Rock, Oh, near to the Rock let me keep.

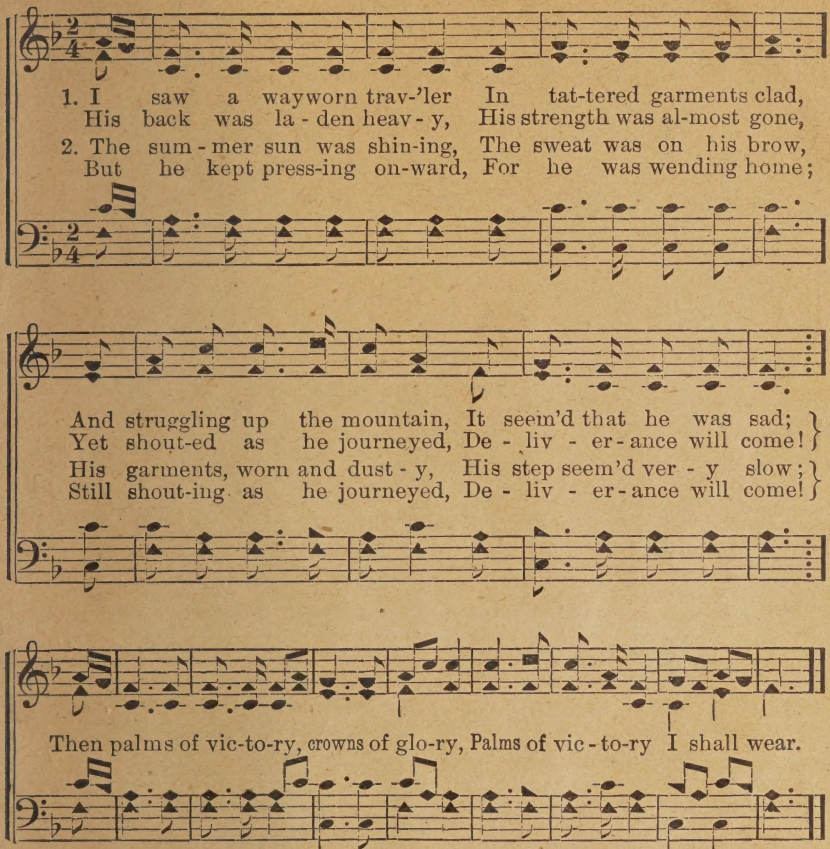
W. T. Dale, owner.

NOTE.—Little Johnny and his sister one day were going through a long, narrow railroad tunnel. The railroad company had built small clefts here and there through the tunnel. Johnny and his sister heard a train coming, and the sister just put her little brother in one cleft, and she hurried and hid in another. The train came thundering along, and as it passed, the sister cried out: "*Johnny, cling close to the rock! Johnny, cling close to the rock!*" and they were safe.—D. L. MOODY.

No. 69. PALMS OF VICTORY.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. B. M. REV. JOHN B. MATTHIAS, 1836.


1. I saw a wayworn trav-'ler In tat-tered garments clad,
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wending home;
And struggling up the mountain, It seem'd that he was sad;
Yet shout-ed as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come!
His garments, worn and dust-y, His step seem'd ver-y slow;
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come!
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

3 The songsters in the arbor,
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, hosanna
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph,
They sang upon the shore,—
Our Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then looking once more backward
He viewed the race he'd run,
And shouted loud, hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

No. 70 THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day
com-ing by - and - by, When the saints and the sin- ners shall be
com-ing by - and - by, But its bright- ness shall on - ly come to
com-ing by - and - by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom "De-
part - ed right and left; Are you read- y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read- y for that day to come?
part I know ye not," Are you read- y for that day to come?
REFRAIN.
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read-y for the
Judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? For the Judgment day?

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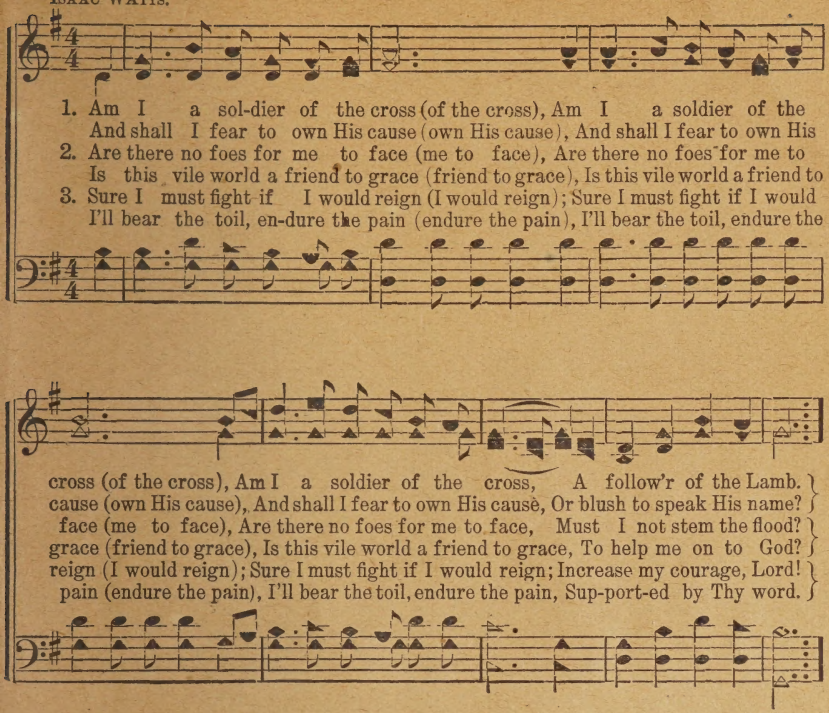
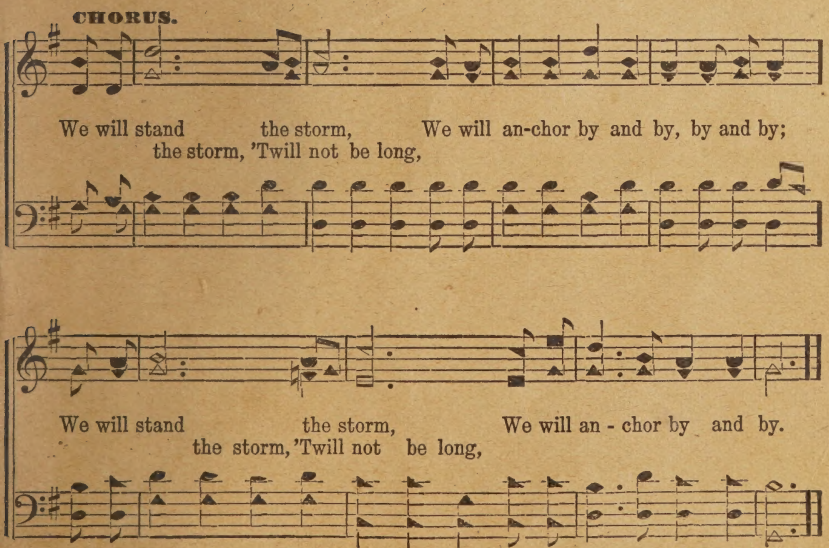
No. 71. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

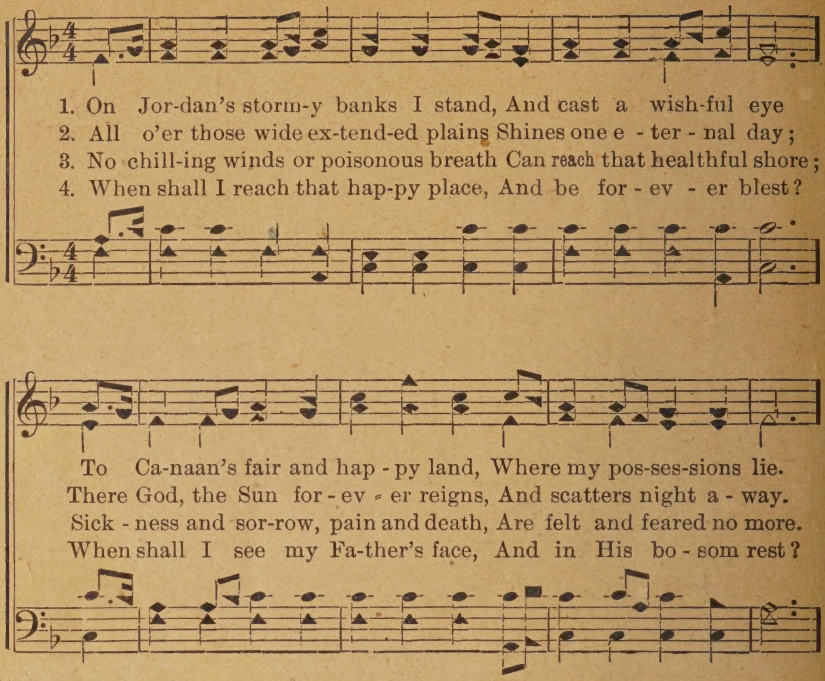
ISAAC WATTS.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross (of the cross), Am I a soldier of the
And shall I fear to own His cause (own His cause), And shall I fear to own His
2. Are there no foes for me to face (me to face), Are there no foes for me to
Is this vile world a friend to grace (friend to grace), Is this vile world a friend to
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign (I would reign); Sure I must fight if I would
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain (endure the pain), I'll bear the toil, endure the
cross (of the cross), Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb.
cause (own His cause), And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
face (me to face), Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace (friend to grace), Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
reign (I would reign); Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain (endure the pain), I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

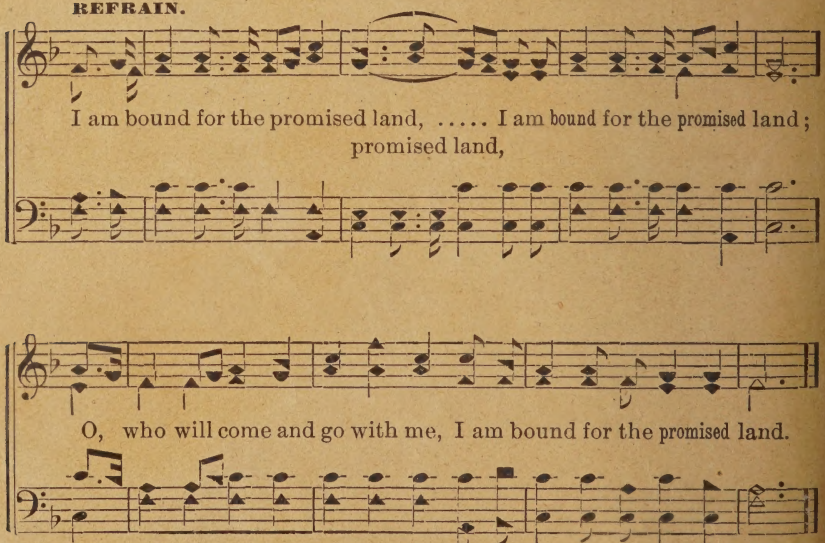

CHORUS.
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'Twill not be long,
We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

No. 72. PROMISED LAND.

SAMUEL STENNET. Arr.

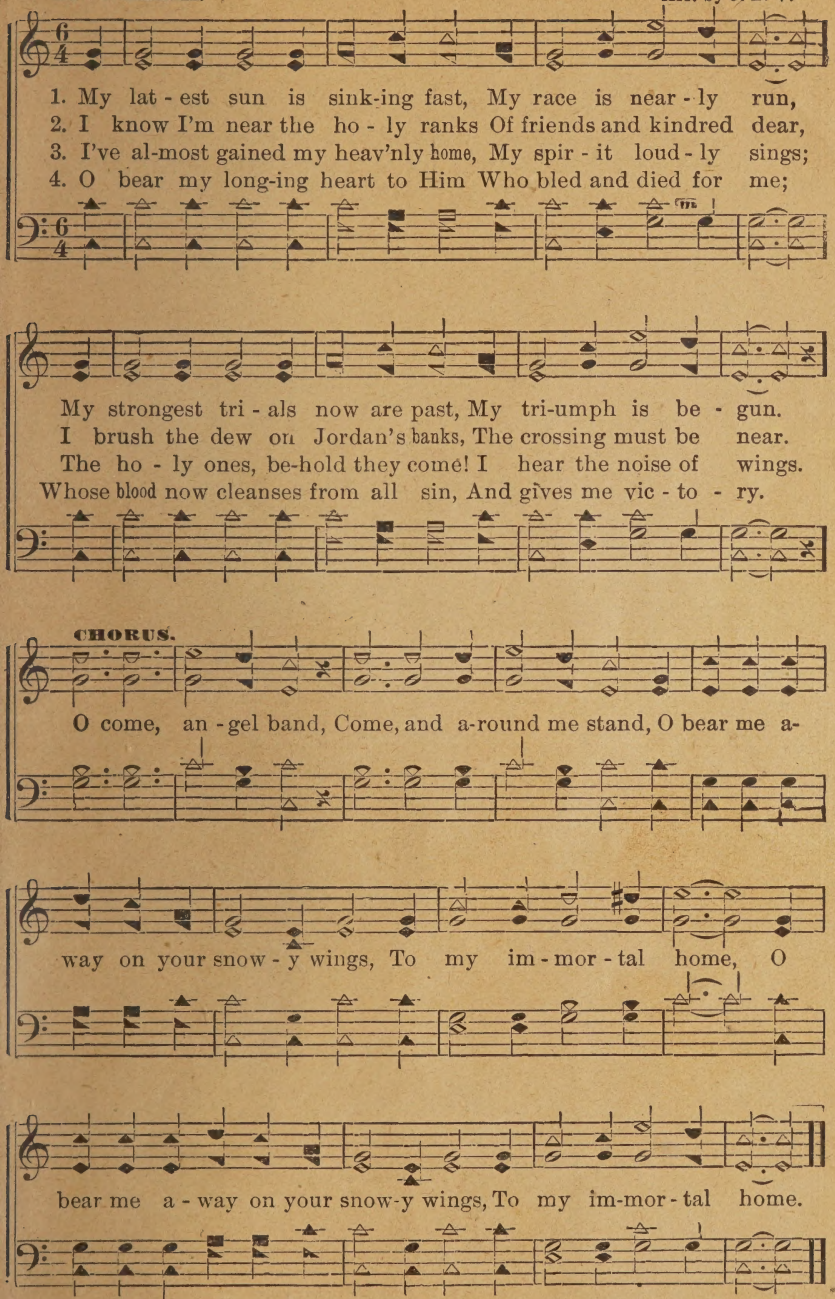

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Sun for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?

REFRAIN.


I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,
O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

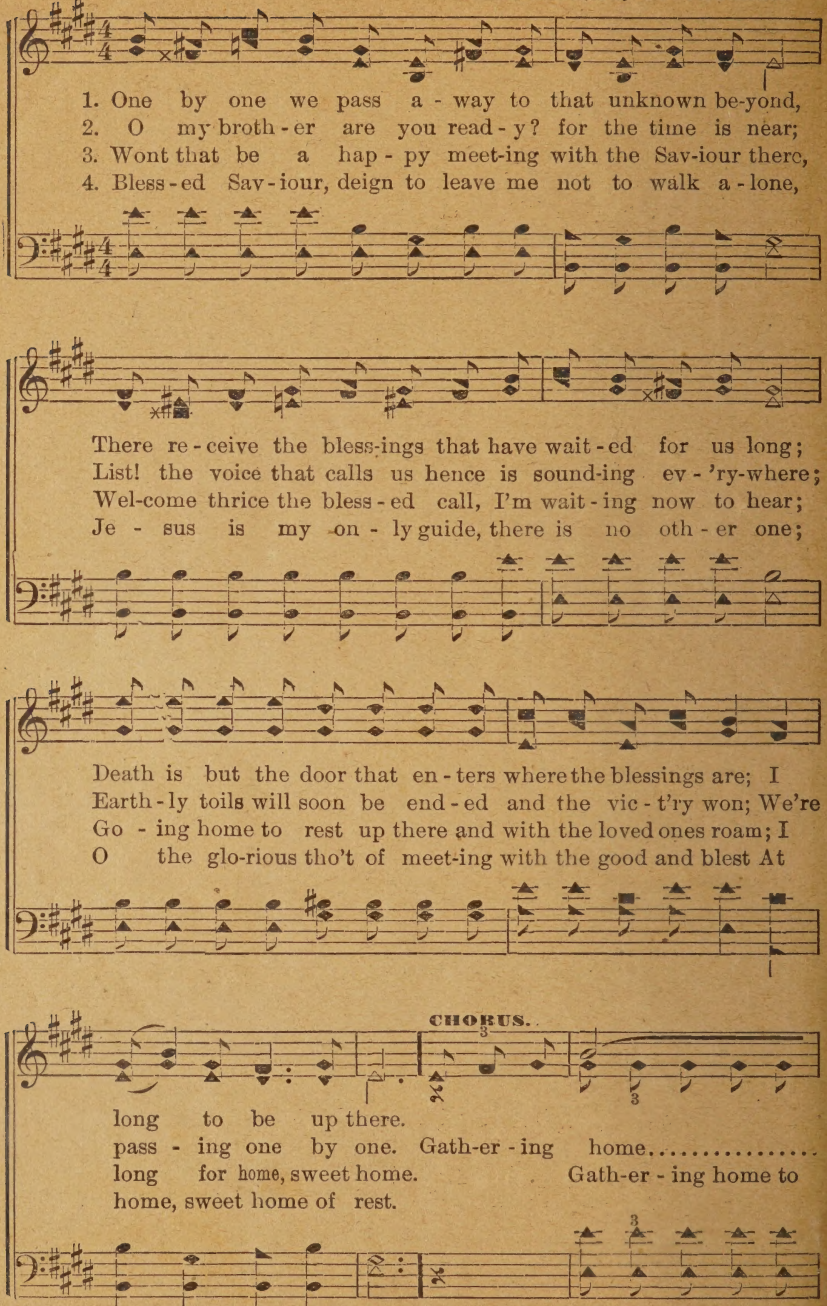
No. 73. ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. J. HASKELL. Arr. by J. B. V.


1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've al-most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;
My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.
CHORUS.
O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand, O bear me a-
way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O
bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor - tal home.

No. 74. GATHERING HOME.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.

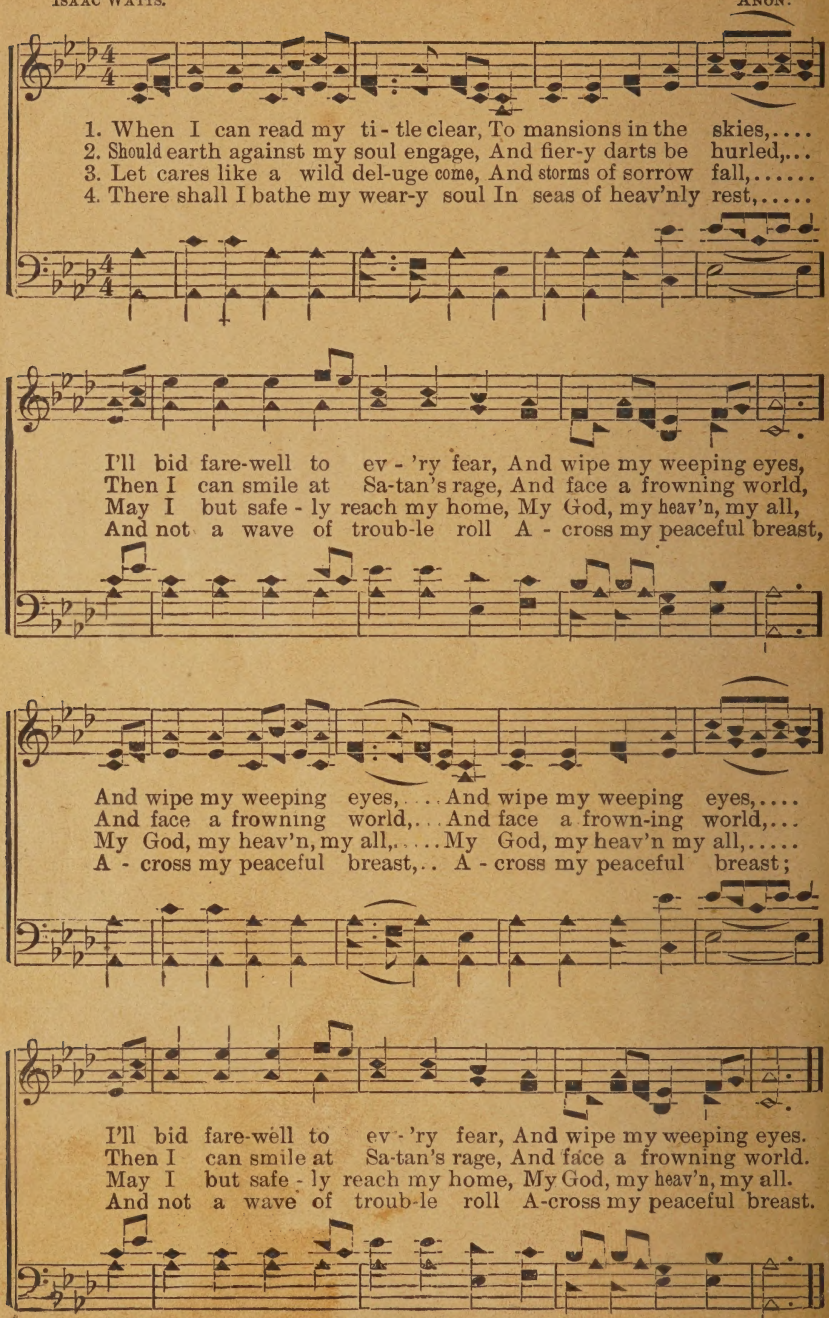

1. One by one we pass a - way to that unknown be-yond,
2. O my broth - er are you read - y? for the time is near;
3. Wont that be a hap - py meet-ing with the Sav-iour there,
4. Bless - ed Sav - iour, deign to leave me not to walk a - lone,
There re - ceive the bless-ings that have wait - ed for us long;
List! the voice that calls us hence is sound-ing ev - 'ry-where;
Wel-come thrice the bless - ed call, I'm wait - ing now to hear;
Je - sus is my on - ly guide, there is no oth - er one;
Death is but the door that en - ters where the blessings are; I
Earth - ly toils will soon be end - ed and the vic - t'ry won; We're
Go - ing home to rest up there and with the loved ones roam; I
O the glo-rious tho't of meet-ing with the good and blest At
CHORUS.
long to be up there.
pass - ing one by one. Gath-er - ing home.....
long for home, sweet home. Gath-er - ing home to
home, sweet home of rest.

GATHERING HOME. Concluded.

..... with Je - sus in glo - - - - ry;
live with Je - sus, gath - er - ing one by one;
One by one cross to yon - der bright
Gath - er - ing home to live on yon - der
side; Liv-ing with Je - - - -
beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful side; Living with Je-sus, O
sus; won - der - ful sto - - - - ry; One by one
how sweet, our liv - ing has just be - gun;
cross..... the mys - ti - cal tide.
cross-ing to live be-yond the mys - ti - cal tide on yonder side.

No. 75. Pisgah.

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,....
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier-y darts be hurled,...
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sorrow fall,.....
4. There shall I bathe my wear-y soul In seas of heav'nly rest,.....
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world,
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all,
And not a wave of troub-le roll A - cross my peaceful breast,
And wipe my weeping eyes, ..And wipe my weeping eyes,....
And face a frowning world,...And face a frown-ing world,...
My God, my heav'n, my all,.....My God, my heav'n my all,.....
A - cross my peaceful breast,.. A - cross my peaceful breast;
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast.

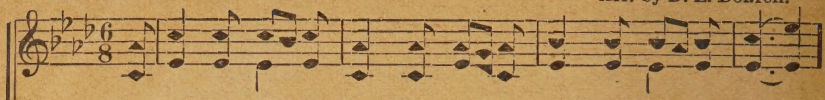
No. 76. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEO. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

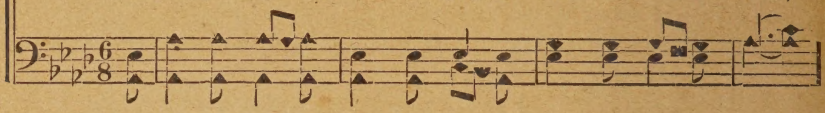
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol- diers of the cross,
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey,
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone,
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo- rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you, You dare not stand a - lone.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall be lead,
Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un- numbered foes,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch-ing un - to prayer,
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
When du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

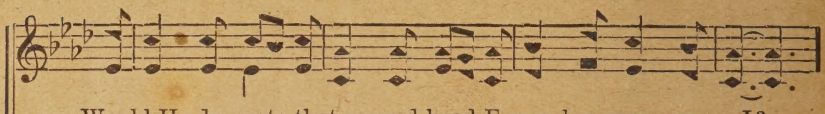
No. 77. O HOW I LOVE JESUS.

REV. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

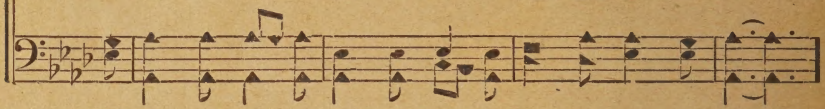


1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

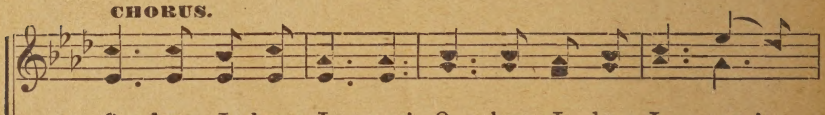




Would He de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
When Christ the great Creator, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

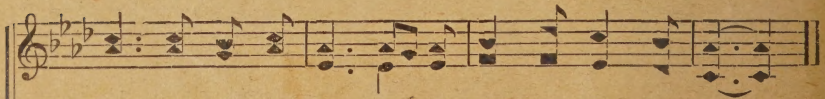


CHORUS.



O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus!

I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him,



O how I love Je - sus! Be-cause He first loved me.

I'll nev - er for - get Him, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!

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